



R. 1822

Eduard Warverley.

THE
W O R K S
OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XIII.

ROMANCES VOL. IV.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

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THE

W O R K S

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

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Vol. II.

ROMANCE

—————

SWICKARD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

1821



W A V E R L E Y,  
OR  
'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

---

*Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!*

HENRY IV. Part II.

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V O L. IV.

---

Z W I C K A U,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1 8 2 2.



W A V E R L E Y ,

OR

T H I S S I X T Y Y E A R S S I N C E .

I N F O U R V O L U M E S .

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## CHAPTER LIV.

*«To one Thing constant never.»*

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»I AM the very child of caprice," said Waverley to himself, as he bolted the door of his apartment, and paced it with hasty steps — «What is it to me that Fergus Mac-Ivor should wish to marry Rose Bradwardine? — I love her not — I might have been loved by her perhaps — but I rejected her simple, natural, and affecting attachment, instead of cherishing it into tenderness, and dedicated myself to one who will never love mortal man, unless old Warwick, the King-maker, should arise from the dead. The Baron too — I would not have cared about his estate, and so the name would have been no stumbling-block.



The devil might have taken the barren moors, and drawn off the royal *caligæ*, for what I would have minded. But, framed as she is for domestic affection and tenderness, for giving and receiving all those kind and quiet attentions which sweeten life to those who pass it together, she is sought by Fergus Mac-Ivor. He will not use her ill, to be sure — of that he is incapable — but he will neglect her after the first month; he will be too intent on subduing some rival chieftain, or circumventing some favourite at court, on gaining some heathy hill and lake, or adding to his bands some new troops of caterans, to enquire what she does, or how she amuses herself.

“And then will canker sorrow eat her  
bud,  
And chase the native beauty from [her  
cheek;  
And she will look as hollow as a ghost,  
And dim and meagre as an ague fit,  
And so she’ll die.”

“And such a catastrophe of the most gentle creature on earth might have been prevented, if Mr Edward Waverley had had his eyes! — Upon my word, I cannot understand how I thought Flora so much, that is, so *very* much



handsomer than Rose. She is taller indeed, and her manner more formed; but many people think Miss Bradwardine's more natural; and she is certainly much younger. I should think Flora is two years older than I am — I will look at them particularly this evening."

And with this resolution Waverley went to drink tea (as the fashion was sixty years since) at the house of a lady of quality, attached to the cause of the Chevalier, where he found, as he expected, both the ladies. All rose as he entered, but Flora immediately resumed her place, and the conversation in which she was engaged. Rose, on the contrary, almost imperceptibly made a little way in the crowded circle for his advancing the corner of a chair. — "Her manner, upon the whole, is most engaging," thought Waverley.

A dispute occurred whether the Gaelic or Italian language was most liquid and best adapted for poetry: the opinion for the Gaelic, which probably might not have found supporters elsewhere, was here fiercely defended by seven Highland ladies, who talked at the top of their lungs, and screamed the company deaf, with examples of Celtic *euphonia*. Flora, observing the Lowland ladies sneer at the comparison, produced some reasons to shew that it was not altogether so absurd; but Rose, when asked



for her opinion, gave it with animation in praise of Italian, which she had studied with Waverley's assistance. «She has a more correct ear than Flora, though a less accomplished musician,” said Waverley to himself. «I suppose Miss Mac-Ivor will next compare Mac-Murrough nan Fohn to Ariosto!”

Lastly, it so befell that the company differed whether Fergus should be asked to perform on the flute, at which he was an adept, or Waverley invited to read a play of Shakspeare; and the lady of the house good-humouredly undertook to collect the votes of the company for poetry or music, under the condition, that the gentleman whose talents were not laid under contribution that evening, should contribute them to enliven the next. It chanced that Rose had the casting vote. Now Flora, who seemed to impose it as a rule upon herself never to countenance any proposal which might seem to encourage Waverley, had voted for music, providing the Baron would take his violin to accompany Fergus. «I wish you joy of your taste, Mis Mac-Ivor,” thought Edward as they sought for his book. «I thought it better when we were at Glennaquoich; but certainly the Baron is no great performer, and Shakspeare is worth listening to.”

Romeo and Juliet was selected, and Edward



read with taste, feeling, and spirit, several scenes from that play. All the company applauded with their hands, and many with their tears. Flora, to whom the drama was well known, was among the former; Rose, to whom it was altogether new, belonged to the latter class of admirers. "She has more feeling too," said Waverley, internally.

The conversation turning upon the incidents of the play, and upon the characters, Fergus declared that the only one worth naming, as a man of fashion and spirit, was Mercutio. "I could not," he said, "quite follow all his old-fashioned wit, but he must have been a very pretty fellow, according to the ideas of his time".

"And it was a shame," said Ensign Maccombich, who usually followed his Colonel every where, "for that Tibbert, or Taggart, or whatever was his name, to stick him under the other gentleman's arm while he was redding the fray."

The ladies, of course, declared loudly in favour of Romeo, but this opinion did not go undisputed. The mistress of the house, and several other ladies, severely reprobated the levity with which the hero transfers his affections from Rosalind to Juliet. Flora remained silent until her opinion was repeatedly requested,



and then answered, she thought the circumstance objected to, not only reconcileable to nature, but such as in the highest degree evinced the art of the poet. «Romeo is described as a young man, peculiarly susceptible of the softer passions; his love is at first fixed upon a woman who could afford it no return; this he repeatedly tells you, —

«From love's weak childish bow she lives  
unharm'd;»

«and again, —

«She hath forsworn to love.»

«Now, as it was impossible that Romeo's love, supposing him a reasonable being, could continue without hope, the poet has, with great art, seized the moment when he was reduced actually to despair, to throw in his way an object more accomplished than her by whom he had been rejected, and who is disposed to repay his attachment. I can scarce conceive a situation more calculated to enhance the ardour of Romeo's affection for Juliet, than his being at once raised by her from the state of drooping melancholy, in which he appears



first upon the scene, to the ecstatic state in which he exclaims —

— — — «come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short moment gives me in her  
sight.»

«Good now, Miss Mac-Ivor,” said a young lady of quality, «do you mean to cheat us out of our prerogative? will you persuade us love cannot subsist without hope, or that the lover must become fickle if the lady is cruel? O fie! I did not expect such an unsentimental conclusion.»

«A lover, my dear Lady Betty, may, I conceive, persevere in his suit under very discouraging circumstances. Affection can (now and then) withstand very severe storms of rigour, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Don’t, even with *your* attractions, try the experiment upon any lover whose faith you value. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.»

«It will be just like Duncan Mac-Girdie’s mare,” said Evan, «if your ladyships please; he wanted to use her by degrees to live without meat, and just as he had put her on a straw a-day, the poor thing died!»



Evan's illustration set the company a laughing, and the discourse took a different turn. Shortly afterwards the party broke up, and Edward returned home, musing on what Flora had said. «I will love my Rosalind no more,” said he; «she has given me a broad enough hint for that; and I will speak to her brother, and resign my suit. But for a Juliet — would it be handsome to interfere with Fergus's pretensions? Though it is impossible they can ever succeed: and should they miscarry, what then? — why then *alors comme alors*.” And with this resolution, of being guided by circumstances, did our hero commit himself to repose.



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## CHAPTER LV.

### *A brave Man in Sorrow.*

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If may fair readers should be of opinion that my hero's levity in love is altogether unpardonable, I must remind them, that all his griefs and difficulties did not arise from that sentimental source. Even the lyric poet, who complains so feelingly of the pains of love, could not forget, that, at the same time, he was "in debt and in drink," which, doubtless, were great aggravations of his distress. There were, indeed, whole days in which Waverley thought neither of Flora nor Rose Bradwardine, but which were spent in melancholy conjectures upon the probable state of matters at



Waverley-Honour, and the dubious issue of the civil contest in which he was pledged. Colonel Talbot often engaged him in discussions upon the justice of the cause he had espoused. "Not," he said, "that it is possible for you to quit it at this present moment, for, come what will, you must stand by your rash engagement. But I wish you to be aware that the right is not with you; that you are fighting against the real interests of your country; and that you ought, as an Englishman and a patriot, to take the first opportunity to leave this unhappy expedition before the snow-ball melt."

In such political disputes, Waverley usually opposed the common arguments of his party, with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader. But he had little to say when the Colonel urged him to compare the strength by which they had undertaken to overthrow the government, with that which was now assembling very rapidly for its support. To this statement Waverley had but one answer: "If the cause I have undertaken be perilous, there would be the greater disgrace in abandoning it." And in his turn he generally silenced Colonel Talbot, and succeeded in changing the subject.

One night, when, after a long dispute of this nature, the friends had separated, and our



hero had retired to bed, he was awakened about midnight by a suppressed groan. He started up and listened; it came from the apartment of Colonel Talbot, which was divided from his own by a wainscotted partition, with a door of communication. Waverley approached this door, and distinctly heard one or two deep-drawn sighs. What could be the matter? The Colonel had parted from him, apparently, in his usual state of spirits. He must have been taken suddenly ill. Under this impression, he opened the door of communication very gently, and perceived the Colonel, in his night-gown, seated by a table, on which lay a letter and picture. He raised his head hastily, as Edward stood uncertain whether to advance or retire, and Waverley perceived that his cheeks were stained with tears.

As if ashamed at being found giving way to such emotion, Colonel Talbot rose with apparent displeasure. «I think, Mr Waverley, my own apartment, and the hour, might have secured even a prisoner against» —

«Do not say *intrusion*, Colonel Talbot; I heard you breathe hard, and feared you were ill; that alone could have induced me to break in upon you.»

«I am well,» said the Colonel, «perfectly well.»



«But you are distressed: is there any thing can be done?»

«Nothing, Mr Waverly; I was only thinking of home, and some unpleasant occurrences there?»

»Good God, my uncle!»

»No, it is a grief entirely my own, I am ashamed you should have seen it disarm me so much; but it must have its course at times, that it may be at others more decently supported. I would have kept it secret from you; for I think it will grieve you, and yet you can administer no consolation. But you have surprised me. — I see you are surprised yourself, — and I hate mystery. Read that letter».

The letter was from Colonel Talbot's sister, and in these words:

„I received your's, my dearest brother, by Hodges. Sir E. W. and Mr R. are still at large, but are not permitted to leave London. I wish to heaven I could give you as good an account of matters in the square. But the news of the unhappy affair at Preston came upon us, with the dreadful addition that you were among the fallen. You know Lady Emily's state of health, when your friendship for Sir E. induced you to leave her. She was much harassed with the sad accounts from Scotland of the rebellion



having broken out; but kept up her spirits, as, she said, it became your wife, and for the sake of the future heir, so long hoped for in vain. Alas, my dear brother, these hopes are now ended! notwithstanding all my watchful care, this unhappy rumour reached her without preparation. She was taken ill immediately; and the poor infant scarce survived its birth. Would to God this were all! But although the contradiction of the horrible report by your own letter has greatly revived her spirits, yet Dr — — apprehends, I grieve to say, serious, and even dangerous, consequences to her health, especially from the uncertainty in which she must necessarily remain for some time, aggravated by the ideas she has formed of the ferocity of those with whom you are a prisoner.

«Do therefore, my dear brother, as soon as this reaches you, endeavour to gain your release, by parole, by ransom, or any way that is practicable. I do not exaggerate Lady Emily's state of health; but I must not — dare not — suppress the truth. Ever, my dear Philip, your most affectionate sister,

«LUCY TALBOT.»

Edward stood motionless when he had perused this letter; for the conclusion was in-



evitable, that, by the Colonel's journey in quest of him, he had incurred this heavy calamity. It was severe enough, even in its irremediable part; for Colonel Talbot and Lady Emily, long without a family, had fondly exulted in the hopes which were now blasted. But this disappointment was nothing to the extent of the threatened evil; and Edward, with horror, regarded himself as the original cause of both.

Ere he could collect himself sufficiently to speak, Colonel Talbot had recovered his usual composure of manner, though his troubled eye denoted his mental agony.

"She is a woman, my young friend, who may justify even a soldier's tears." He reached him the miniature, exhibiting features which fully justified the eulogium; "and yet, God knows, what you see of her there, is the least of the charms she possesses — possessed, I should perhaps say — but God's will be done."

"You must fly — you must fly instantly to her relief. It is not — it shall not be too late."

"Fly? how is it possible? I am a prisoner — upon parole."

"I am your keeper — I restore your parole — I am to answer for you."

"You cannot do so consistently with your duty; nor can I accept a discharge from you,



with due regard to my own honour — you would be made responsible.”

“I will answer it with my head, if necessary. I have been the unhappy cause of the loss of your child, make me not the murderer of your wife.”

“No, my dear Edward,” said Talbot, taking him kindly by the hand, “you are in no respect to blame; and if I concealed this domestic distress for two days, it was lest your sensibility should view it in that light. You could not think of me, hardly knew of my existence, when I left England in quest of you. It is a responsibility, Heaven knows, sufficiently heavy for mortality, that we must answer for the foreseen and direct result of our actions, — for their indirect and consequential operation, the great and good Being, who alone can foresee the dependence of human events on each other, hath not pronounced his frail creatures liable.”

“But that you should have left Lady Emily in the situation the most interesting to a husband, to seek a” —

“I only did my duty, and I do not, ought not, to regret it. If the path of gratitude and honour were always smooth and easy, there would be little merit in following it; but it moves often in contradiction to our interest



and passions, and sometimes to our better affections. These are the trials of life, and this, though not the least bitter," (the tears came unbidden to his eyes,) "is not the first which it has been my fate to encounter — but we will talk of this to-morrow," wringing Waverley's hands. "Good night; strive to forget it for a few hours. It will dawn, I think, by six, and it is now past two. Good night."

Edward retired, without trusting his voice with a reply.



  
CHAPTER LVI.*Exertion.*  

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WHEN Colonel Talbot entered the breakfast-parlour next morning, he learned from Waverley's servant that our hero had been abroad at an early hour, and was not yet returned. The morning was well advanced before he again appeared. He arrived out of breath, but with an air of joy that astonished Colonel Talbot.

"There," said he, throwing a paper on the table, "there is my morning's work. — Alick, pack up the Colonel's clothes. Make haste, make haste."

The Colonel examined the paper with astonishment. It was a pass from the Chevalier to Colonel Talbot, to repair to Leith, or any



other port in possession of his Royal Highness's troops, and there to embark for England, or elsewhere, at his free pleasure; he only giving his parole of honour not to bear arms against the house of Stuart for the space of a twelve-month.

“In the name of God,” said the Colonel, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, “how did you obtain this?”

I was at the Chevalier's levee as soon as he usually rises. He was gone to the camp at Duddingston. I pursued him thither; asked and obtained an audience — but I will tell you not a word more, unless I see you begin to pack.”

“Before I know whether I can avail myself of this passport, or how it was obtained?”

“O, you can take out the things again, you know. — Now I see you busy, I will go on. When I first mentioned your name, his eyes sparkled almost as bright as yours did two minutes since. ‘Had you,’ he earnestly asked, ‘shewn any sentiments favourable to his cause?’ ‘Not in the least, nor was there any hope you would do so.’ His countenance fell. I requested your freedom. ‘Impossible,’ he said; — ‘your importance, as a friend and confidant of such and such personages, made my request altogether extravagant.’ I told him my own



story and yours; and asked him to judge what my feelings must be by his own. He has a heart, and a kind one, Colonel Talbot, you may say what you please. He took a sheet of paper, and wrote the pass with his own hand. 'I will not trust myself with my council,' he said; 'they will argue me out of what is right. I will not endure that a friend, valued as I value you, should be loaded with the painful reflections which must afflict you in case of further misfortune in Colonel Talbot's family; nor will I keep a brave enemy a prisoner under such circumstances. Besides,' said he, 'I think I can justify myself to my prudent advisers, by pleading the good effect such lenity will produce on the minds of the great English families with whom Colonel Talbot is connected.'"

"There the politician peeped out," said the Colonel.

"Well, at least he concluded like a king's son; — 'Take the passport; I have added a condition for form's sake; but if the Colonel objects to it, let him depart without giving any parole whatever. I come here to war with men, but not to distress or endanger women.'"

"Well, I never thought to have been so much indebted to the Pretend —"

"To the Prince," said Waverley, smiling.



«To the Chevalier,» said the Colonel; «it is a good travelling name, and which we may both freely use. Did he say any thing more?»

«Only asked if there was any thing else he could oblige me in; and when I replied in the negative, he shook me by the hand, and wished all his followers were as considerate, since some friends of mine not only asked all he had to bestow, but many things which were entirely out of his power, or that of the greatest sovereign upon earth. Indeed, he said, no prince seemed, in the eyes of his followers, so like the Deity as himself, if you were to judge from the extravagant requests which they daily preferred to him.»

«Poor young gentleman,» said the Colonel, «I suppose he begins to feel the difficulties of his situation. Well, dear Waverley, this is more than kind, and shall not be forgotten while Philip Talbot can remember any thing. My life — pshaw — let Emily thank you for that — this is a favour worth fifty lives. I cannot hesitate upon giving my parole in the circumstances: there it is — (he wrote it out in form) — And now, how am I to get off?»

«All that is settled: your baggage is packed; my horses wait, and a boat has been engaged, by the Prince's permission, to put you on board



the Fox frigate. I sent a messenger down to Leith on purpose."

"That will do excellently well. Captain Beaver is my particular friend: he will put me ashore at Berwick or Shields, from whence I can ride post to London; — and you must entrust me with the packet of papers which you recovered by means of your Miss Bean Lean. I may have an opportunity of using them to your advantage. But I see your Highland friend, Glen — what do you call his barbarous name? and his orderly with him — I must not call him his orderly cut-throat any more, I suppose. See how he walks as if the world were his own, with the bonnet on one side of his head, and his plaid puffed out across his breast! I should like now to meet that youth where my hands were not tied: I would tame his pride, or he should tame mine."

"For shame, Colonel Talbot; you swell at sight of the tartan, as the bull is said to do at scarlet. You and Mac-Ivor have some points not much unlike, so far as national prejudice is concerned."

The latter part of this discourse took place in the street. They passed the Chief, the Colonel punctiliously and he sternly greeting each other, like two duellists before they take their ground. It was evident the dislike was mu-



tual. «I never see that surly fellow that dogs his heels,” said the Colonel, after he had mounted his horse, «but he reminds me of lines I have somewhere heard — upon the stage, I think;

— — ‘Close behind him  
Stalks sullen Bertram, like a sorcerer’s  
fiend,  
Pressing to be employed.’”

«I assure you, Colonel, that you judge too harshly of the Highlanders.”

«Not a whit, not a whit; I cannot spare them a jot; I cannot bate them an ace. Let them stay in their own barren mountains, and puff and swell, and hang their bonnets on the horns of the moon, if they have a mind; but what business have they to come where people wear breeches, and speak an intelligible language? — I mean intelligible in comparison to their gibberish, for even the Lowlanders talk a kind of English little better than the Negroes in Jamaica. I could pity the Pre —, I mean the Chevalier himself, for having so many desperadoes about him. And they learn their trade so early. There is a kind of subaltern imp, for example, a sort of sucking devil, whom your friend Glena — Glenamuck there, has sometimes in his train. To look at



him, he is about fifteen years; but he is a century old in mischief and villainy. He was playing at quoits the other day in the court; a gentleman, a decent-looking person enough, came past, and as a quoit hit his shin, he lifted his cane: But my young bravo whips out his pistol, like Beau Clincher in the Trip to the Jubilee, and had not a scream of *Gare-l'eau*, from an upper window, set all parties a scampering for fear of the inevitable consequences, the poor gentleman would have lost his life by the hands of that little cockatrice."

"A fine character you'll give of Scotland upon your return, Colonel Talbot."

"O, Justice Shallow shall save me the trouble — 'Barren, barren, beggars all, beggars all. Marry, good air,' — and that only when you are out of Edinburgh, and not yet come to Leith, as is our case at present."

In a short time they arrived at the seaport: —

"The boat rock'd at the pier of Leith,  
Full loud the wind blew down the ferry;  
The ship rode at the Berwick Law."

"Farewell, Colonel; may you find all as you would wish it! Perhaps we may meet sooner than you expect: they talk of an immediate route to England."



“Tell me nothing of that,” said Talbot; “I wish to carry no news of your motions.”

“Simply, then, adieu. Say, with a thousand kind greetings, all that is dutiful and affectionate to Sir Everard and Aunt Rachael — Think of me as kindly as you can — speak of me as indulgently as your conscience will permit, and once more adieu.”

“And adieu, my dear Waverley; many, thanks for your kindness. Unplaid yourself on the first opportunity. I shall ever think on you with gratitude, and the worst of my censure shall be, *Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galere?*”

And thus they parted, Colonel Talbot going on board of the boat, and Waverley returning to Edinburgh.



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## CHAPTER LVII.

### *The March.*

It is not our purpose to intrude upon the province of history. We shall therefore only remind our reader, that about the beginning of November the young Chevalier, at the head of about six thousand men at the utmost, resolved to peril his cause upon an attempt to penetrate into the centre of England, although aware of the mighty preparations which were made for his reception. They set forward on this crusade in weather which would have rendered any other troops incapable of marching, but which in reality gave these active mountaineers advantages over a less hardy enemy. In defiance of a superior army lying upon the



Borders, under Field-Marshal Wade, they besieged and took Carlisle, and soon afterwards prosecuted their daring march to the southward.

As Colonel Mac-Ivor's regiment marched in the van of the clans, he and Waverley, who now equalled any Highlander in endurance of fatigue, and was become somewhat acquainted with their language, were perpetually at its head. They marked the progress of the army, however, with very different eyes. Fergus, all air and fire, and confident against the world in arms, measured nothing but that every step was a yard nearer London. He neither asked, expected, nor desired any aid, except that of the clans, to place the Stuarts once more on the throne; and when by chance a few adherents joined the standard, he always considered them in the light of new claimants upon the favours of the future monarch, who must therefore subtract for their gratification so much of the bounty which ought to be shared among his Highland followers.

Edward's views were very different. He could not but observe, that in those towns in which they proclaimed James the Third, „no man cried, God bless him.” The mob stared and listened, heartless, stupified, and dull, but gave few signs even of that boisterous spirit,



which induces them to shout upon all occasions for the mere exercise of their most sweet voices. The Jacobites had been taught to believe that the northwestern counties abounded with wealthy squires and hardy yeomen, devoted to the cause of the White Rose. But of the wealthier tories they saw little. Some fled from their houses, some feigned themselves sick, some surrendered themselves to the government as suspected persons. Of such as remained, the ignorant gazed with astonishment, mixed with horror and aversion, at the wild appearance, unknown language, and singular garb of the Scottish clans. And to the more prudent, their scanty numbers, apparent deficiency in discipline, and poverty of equipment, seemed certain tokens of the calamitous termination of their rash undertaking. Thus the few who joined them were such as bigotry of political principle blinded to consequences, or broken fortunes induced to hazard all upon a risk so desperate.

The Baron of Bradwardine being asked what he thought of these recruits, took a long pinch of snuff, and answered drily, „that he could not but have an excellent opinion of them, since they resembled precisely the followers who attached themselves to the good king David at the cave of Adullam; *videlicet*, every



one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, which the vulgate renders bitter of soul; and doubtless," he said, "they will prove mighty men of their hands, and there is much need that they should, for I have seen many a sour look cast upon us."

But none of these considerations grieved Fergus. He admired the luxuriant beauty of the country, and the situation of many of the seats which they passed. "Is Waverley-Honour like that house, Edward?"

"It is one-half larger."

"Is your uncle's park as fine a one as that?"

"It is three times as extensive, and rather resembles a forest than a mere park."

"Flora will be a happy woman."

"I hope Miss Mac-Ivor will have much reason for happiness, unconnected with Waverley-Honour."

"I hope so too; but, to be mistress of such a place, will be a pretty addition to the sum total."

"An addition, the want of which, I trust, will be amply supplied by some other means."

"How," said Fergus, stopping short, and turning upon Waverley — "How am I to un-



derstand that, Mr Waverley? — Had I the pleasure to hear you aright?"

"Perfectly right, Fergus."

"And I am to understand that you no longer desire my alliance and my sister's hand?"

"Your sister has refused mine, both directly, and by all the usual means by which ladies repress undesired attentions."

"I have no idea of a lady dismissing or a gentleman withdrawing his suit, after it has been approved of by her legal guardian, without giving him an opportunity of talking the matter over with the lady. You did not, I suppose, expect my sister to drop into your mouth like a ripe plum, the first moment you chose to open it?"

"As to the lady's title to dismiss her lover, Colonel, it is a point which you must argue with her, as I am ignorant of the customs of the Highlands in that particular. But as to my title to acquiesce in a rejection from her without an appeal to your interest, I will tell you plainly, without meaning to undervalue Miss Mac-Ivor's admitted beauty and accomplishments, that I would not take the hand of an angel, with an empire for her dowry, if her consent were extorted by the importunity



of friends and guardians, and did not flow from her own free inclination."

"An angel, with the dowry of an empire," repeated Fergus in a tone of bitter irony, "is not very likely to be pressed upon a — shire squire. But, sir," changing his tone, "if Flora Mac-Ivor have not the dowry of an empire, she is *my* sister, and that is sufficient at least to secure her against being treated with any thing approaching to levity."

"She is Flora Mac-Ivor, sir, which to me, were I capable of treating any woman with levity, would be a more effectual protection."

The brow of the Chieftain was now fully clouded, but Edward felt too indignant at the unreasonable tone which he had adopted, to avert the storm by the least concession. They both stood still while this short dialogue passed, and Fergus seemed half disposed to say something more violent, but, by a strong effort, suppressed his passion, and, turning his face forward, walked sullenly on. As they had always hitherto walked together, and almost constantly side by side, Waverley pursued his course silently in the same direction, determined to let the Chief take his own time in recovering the good humour which he had so



unreasonably discarded, and firm in his resolution not to bate him an inch of dignity.

After they had marched on in this sullen manner about a mile, Fergus resumed the discourse in a different tone. „I believe I was warm, my dear Edward, but you provoke me with your want of knowledge of the world. You have taken pet at some of Flora's prudery, or high flying notions of loyalty, and now, like a child, you quarrel with the play thing you have been crying for, and beat me, your faithful keeper, because my arm cannot reach to Edinburgh to hand it to you. I am sure, if I was passionate, the mortification of losing the alliance of such a friend, after your arrangement had been the talk of both Highlands and Lowlands, and that without so much as knowing why or wherefore, might well provoke calmer blood than mine. I shall write to Edinburgh, and put all to rights; that is, if you desire I should do so; as indeed I cannot suppose that your good opinion of Flora, it being such as you have often expressed to me, can be at once laid aside.”

„Colonel Mac-Ivor,” said Edward, who had no mind to be hurried farther or faster than he chose, in a matter which he had already considered as broken off, „I am fully sensible



of the value of your good offices; and certainly, by your zeal on my behalf in such an affair, you do me no small honour. But as Miss Mac-Ivor has made her election freely and voluntarily, and as all my attentions in Edinburgh were received with more than coldness, I cannot, in justice either to her or myself, consent that she should again be harassed upon this topic. I would have mentioned this to you some time since, but you saw the footing upon which we stood together, and must have understood it. Had I thought otherwise, I would have earlier spoken; but I had a natural reluctance to enter upon a subject so painful to us both."

"O, very well, Mr Waverley, the thing is at an end. I have no occasion to press my sister upon any man."

"Nor have I any occasion to court repeated rejection from the same young lady."

"I shall make due enquiry, however," said the Chieftain, without noticing the interruption, "and learn what my sister thinks of all this: we will then see whether it is to end here."

"Respecting such enquiries, you will of course be guided by your own judgment. It is, I am aware, impossible Miss Mac-Ivor can



change her mind; and were such an un-  
supposable case to happen, it is certain I will not  
change mine. I only mention this to prevent  
any possibility of future misconstruction."

Gladly at this moment would Mac-Ivor have  
put their quarrel to a personal arbitrement;  
his eye flashed fire, and he measured Edward  
as if to chuse where he might best plant a  
mortal wound. But although we do not now  
quarrel according to the moods and figures of  
Caranza or Vincent Saviola, no one knew bet-  
ter than Fergus that there must be some de-  
cent pretext for a mortal duel. For instance,  
you may challenge a man for treading on your  
corn in a crowd, or for pushing you up to  
the wall, or for taking your seat in the theatre;  
but the modern code of honour will not per-  
mit you to found a quarrel upon your right of  
compelling a man to continue addresses to a  
female relative, which the fair lady has already  
refused. So that Fergus was compelled to  
stomach this supposed affront, until the whir-  
ligig of time, whose motion he promised him-  
self he would watch most sedulously, should  
bring about an opportunity of revenge.

Waverley's servant always led a saddle-horse  
for him in the rear of the battalion to which  
he was attached, though his master seldom



rode him. But now, incensed at the domineering and unreasonable conduct of his late friend, he fell behind the column, and mounted his horse, resolving to seek the Baron of Bradwardine, and request permission to volunteer in his troop, instead of the Mac-Ivor regiment.

“A happy time of it I should have had,” thought he, after he was mounted, „to have been so closely allied to this superb specimen of pride and self-opinion and passion. A colonel! why, he should have been a generalissimo — a petty chief of three or four hundred men! his pride might suffice for the Cham of Tartary — the Grand Seigneur — the Great Mogul! I am well free of him; were Flora an angel, she would bring with her a second Lucifer of ambition and wrath for a brother-in-law.“

The Baron, whose learning (like Sancho's jests, while in the Sierra Morena,) seemed to grow mouldy for want of exercise, joyfully embraced the opportunity of Waverley's offering his service in his regiment, to bring it into some exertion. The good-natured old gentleman, however, laboured to effect a reconciliation between the two quondam friends. Fergus turned a cold ear to his remonstrances,



though he gave them a respectful hearing; and as for Waverley, he saw no reason why he should be the first in courting a renewal of the intimacy which the Chieftain had so unreasonably disturbed. The Baron then mentioned the matter to the Prince, who, anxious to prevent quarrels in his little army, declared, he would himself remonstrate with Colonel Mac-Ivor on the unreasonableness of his conduct. But, in the hurry of their march, it was a day or two before he had an opportunity to exert his influence in the manner proposed.

In the meanwhile, Waverley turned the instructions he had received while in G—'s dragoons to some account, and assisted the Baron in his command as a sort of adjutant. „*Parmi les aveugles un borgne est roi*,“ says the French proverb; and the cavalry, which consisted chiefly of Lowland gentlemen, their tenants and servants, formed a high opinion of Waverley's skill, and a great attachment to his person. This was indeed partly owing to the satisfaction which they felt at the distinguished English volunteer's leaving the Highlanders to rank among them; for there was a latent grudge between the horse and foot, not only owing to the difference of the services, but because most of the gentlemen, living near



the Highlands, had at one time or other had quarrels with the tribes in their vicinity, and all of them looked with a jealous eye on the Highlanders' avowed pretensions to superior valour, and utility in the Prince's service.



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## CHAPTER LVIII.

### *The Confusion of King Agramant's Camp.*

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It was Waverley's custom sometimes to ride a little off from the main body, to look at any object of curiosity which occurred upon the march. They were now in Lancashire, when, attracted by a castellated old hall, he left the squadron for half an hour, to take a survey and slight sketch of it. As he returned down the avenue, he was met by Ensign Maccombich. This man had contracted a sort of regard for Edward since the day of his first seeing him at Tully-Veolan, and introducing him to the Highlands. He seemed to loiter, as if on purpose to meet with our hero. Yet, as he passed him, he only approached his stirrup, and pronounced the single word, Beware! and then



walked swiftly on, shunning all further communication.

Edward, somewhat surprised at this hint, followed with his eyes the course of Evan, who speedily disappeared among the trees. His servant, Alick Polwarth, who was in attendance, also looked after the Highlander, and then rode up close to his master.

“The ne’er be in me, sir, if I think you’re safe amang thae Highland rinthereouts.”

“What do you mean, Alick?”

“The Mac-Ivors, sir, hae gotten it into their heads, that ye hae affronted their young ledly, Miss Flora; and I hae heard mae than ane say they wadna tack muckle to mak a black-cock o’ ye: and ye ken yeresel there’s mony o’ them wadna mind a bawbee the weising a ball through the Prince himsel, an the Chief gie them the wink; or whether he did or no, if they thought it would please him when it was dune.”

Waverley, though confident that Fergus Mac-Ivor was incapable of such treachery, was by no means equally sure of the forbearance of his followers. He knew, that where the honour of the Chief or his family was supposed to be touched, the happiest man would be he that could first avenge the stigma; and he had often heard them quote a proverb, “That the best revenge was the most speedy and most safe.”



Coupling this with the hint of Evan, he judged it most prudent to set spurs to his horse, and ride briskly back to the squadron. Ere he reached the end of the long avenue, however, a ball whistled past him, and the report of a pistol was heard.

"It was that deevil's buckie, Callum Beg," said Alick; "I saw him whisk away through amang the reises."

Edward, justly incensed at this act of treachery, galloped out of the avenue, and observed the battalion of Mac-Ivor at some distance moving along the common, in which it terminated. He also saw an individual running very fast to join the party; this he concluded was the intended assassin, who, by leaping an inclosure, might easily make a much shorter path to the main body than he could find on horseback. Unable to contain himself, he commanded Alick to go to the Baron of Bradwardine, who was at the head of his regiment about half a mile in front, and acquaint him with what had happened. He himself immediately rode up to Fergus's regiment. The Chief himself was in the act of joining them. He was on horseback, having returned from waiting upon the Prince. On perceiving Edward approaching, he put his horse in motion towards him.



“Colonel Mac-Ivor,” said Waverley, without any farther salutation, “I have to inform you, that one of your people has this instant fired at me from a lurking-place.”

“As that (excepting the circumstance of a lurking-place) is a pleasure which I presently propose to myself, I should be glad to know which of my clansmen dared to anticipate me.”

“I shall certainly be at your command whenever you please; the gentleman who took your office upon himself is your page there, Callum Beg.”

“Stand forth from the ranks, Callum! Did you fire at Mr Waverley?”

“No,” answered the unblushing Callum.

“You did,” said Alick Polwarth, who was already returned, having met a trooper by whom he dispatched an account of what was going forward to the Baron of Bradwardine, while he himself returned to his master at full gallop, neither sparing the rowels of his spurs, nor the sides of his horse. “You did; I saw you as plainly as I ever saw the auld kirk at Coudingham.”

“You lie,” replied Callum, with his usual impenetrable obstinacy. The combat between the knights would certainly, as in the days of chivalry, have been preceded by an encounter between the squires, for Alick was a stout-



hearted Merse-man, and feared the bow of Cupid far more than a Highlander's dirk or claymore. But Fergus, with his usual tone of decision, demanded Callum's pistol. The cock was down, the pan and muzzle were black with the smoke; it had been that instant fired.

"Take that," said Fergus, striking the boy upon the head with the heavy pistolbutt with his whole force, — "take that for acting without orders, and lying to disguise it." Callum received the blow without appearing to flinch from it, and fell without sign of life. "Stand still, upon your lives," said Fergus to the rest of the clan: "I blow out the brains of the first man who interferes between Mr Waverley and me." They stood motionless; Evan Dhu alone shewed symptoms of vexation and anxiety. Callum lay on the ground bleeding copiously, but no one ventured to give him any assistance. It seemed as if he had gotten his death-blow.

"And now for you, Mr Waverley; please to turn your horse twenty yards with me upon the common." Waverley complied; and Fergus, confronting him when they were a little way from the line of march, said, with great affected coolness, "I could not but wonder, sir, at the fickleness of taste which you were pleased to express the other day. But it was not an angel, as you justly observed, who had charm"



for you, unless she brought an empire for her fortune. I have now an excellent commentary upon that obscure text."

"I am at a loss even to guess at your meaning, Colonel Mac-Ivor, unless it seems plain that you intend to fasten a quarrel upon me."

"Your affected ignorance shall not serve you, sir. The Prince, — the Prince himself has acquainted me with your manoeuvres. I little thought that your engagements with Miss Bradwardine were the reason of your breaking off your intended match with my sister. I suppose the information that the Baron had altered the destination of his estate, was quite a sufficient reason for slighting your friend's sister, and carrying off your friend's mistress."

"Did the Prince tell you I was engaged to Miss Bradwardine? — Impossible."

"He did, sir; so, either draw and defend yourself, or resign your pretensions to the lady."

"This is absolute madness," exclaimed Waverley, "or some strange mistake!"

"O! no evasion! draw your sword!" said the infuriated Chieftain, — his own already unsheathed.

"Must I fight in a madman's quarrel?"

"Then give up now, and for ever, all pretensions to Miss Bradwardine's hand."

"What title have you," cried Waverley, ut-



terly losing command of himself, "what title have you, or any man living, to dictate such terms to me?" And he also drew his sword.

At this moment, the Baron of Bradwardine, followed by several of his troop, came up upon the spur, some from curiosity, others to take part in the quarrel, which they indistinctly understood had broken out between the Mac Ivors and their corps. The clan, seeing them approach, put themselves in motion to support their Chieftain, and a scene of confusion commenced, which seemed likely to terminate in bloodshed. A hundred tongues were in motion at once. The Baron lectured, the Chieftain stormed, the Highlanders screamed in Gaelic, the horsemen cursed and swore in Lowland Scotch. At length matters came to such a pass, that the Baron threatened to charge the Mac Ivors unless they resumed their ranks, and many of them, in return, presented their firearms at him and the other troopers. The confusion was privately fostered by old Ballankeiroch, who made no doubt that his own day of vengeance was arrived, when, behold! a cry arose of "Room! Make way! *place à Monseigneur! place à Monseigneur!*" This announced the approach of the Prince, who came up with a party of Fitz-James's foreign dragoons that acted as his body guard. His arrival produced



some degree of order. The Highlanders reassumed their ranks, the cavalry fell in and formed squadron, and the Baron and Chieftain were silent.

The Prince called them and Waverley before him. Having heard the original cause of the quarrel through the villainy of Callum Beg, he ordered him into custody of the provost-marshal for immediate execution, in the event of his surviving the chastisement inflicted by his Chieftain. Fergus, however, in a tone betwixt claiming a right and asking a favour, requested he might be left to his disposal, and promised his punishment should be exemplary. To deny this might have seemed to encroach on the patriarchal authority of the Chieftains, of which they were very jealous, and they were not persons to be disobliged. Callum was therefore left to the justice of his own tribe.

The Prince next demanded to know the new cause of quarrel between Colonel Mac-Ivor and Waverley. There was a pause. Both gentlemen found the presence of the Baron of Bradwardine (for by this time all three had approached the Chevalier by his command) an insurmountable barrier against entering upon a subject where the name of his daughter must unavoidably be mentioned. They turned their eyes on the ground, with looks in which shame and em-



barrassment were mingled with displeasure, The Prince, who had been educated amongst the discontented and mutinous spirits of the court of St Germain, where feuds of every kind were the daily subject of solicitude to the dethroned sovereign, had served his apprenticeship, as old Frederick of Prussia would have said, to the trade of royalty. To promote or restore concord amongst his followers was indispensable. Accordingly he took his measures.

„Monsieur de Beaujeau!”

„Monseigneur!” said a very handsome French cavalry officer, who was in attendance.

„Ayez la bonté d'alligner ces montagnards là, ainsi que la cavalerie, s'il vous plait, et de les remettre à la marche. Vous parlez si bien l'Anglois, cela ne vous donneroit pas beaucoup de peine.”

„Ah! pas de tout, Monseigneur,” replied Mons. le Comte de Beaujeu, his head bending down to the neck of his little prancing highly managed charger. Accordingly he *piaffed* away in high spirits and confidence to the head of Fergus's regiment, although understanding not a word of Gaelic, and very little English.

„Messieurs les sauvages Ecossois — dat is — Gentlemans sauvages, have the goodness d'arranger vous.”

The clan, comprehending the order more



from the gesture than the words, and seeing the Prince himself present, hastened to dress their ranks.

„Ah! ver well! dat is fort bien!” said the Count de Beaujeau. „Gentilmans sauvages — mais, très-bien — Eh bien! — Qu’est ce que vous appelez visage, Monsieur?” (to a lounging trooper who stood by him) „Ah, oui! *face* — Je vous remercie, Monsieur. — Gentils-hommes, have de goodness to make de face to de right par file, dat is, by files. — Marsh! — Mais, très-bien — encore, Messieurs; il faut vous mettre à la marche . . . . Marchez donc, au nom de Dieu, parceque j’ai oublié le mot Anglois — mais vous êtes des braves gens, et me comprenez très-bien.”

The Count next hastened to put the cavalry in motion. „Gentilmens cavalerie, you must fall in — Ah! par ma foi, I did not say fall off! I am a fear de little gross fat gentleman is moche hurt. Ah, mon dieu! C’est le Commissaire qui nous a apporté les premières nouvelles de cet maudit fracas. Je suis trop fâché, Monsieur!”

But poor Macwheeble, who, with a sword stuck across him, and a white cockade as large as a pancake, now figured in the character of a commissary, being overturned in the bustle occasioned by the troopers hastening to get



themselves in order in the Prince's presence' before he could rally his galloway, slunk to the rear amid the unrestrained laughter of the spectators.

„Eh bien, Messieurs, wheel to de right — Ah! dat is it! — Eh, Monsieur de Bradwardine, ayez la bonté de vous mettre à la tête de votre regiment, car, par Dieu, je n'en puis plus!”

The Baron of Bradwardine was obliged to go to the assistance of Monsieur de Beaujeu, after he had fairly expended his few English military phrases. One purpose of the Chevalier was thus answered. The other he proposed was, that in the eagerness to hear and comprehend commands issued through such an indistinct medium in his own presence, the thoughts of the soldiers in both corps might get a current different from the angry channel in which they were flowing at the time.

Charles Edward was no sooner left with the Chieftain and Waverley, the rest of his attendants being at some distance, than he said, „If I owed less to your disinterested friendship, I could be most seriously angry with both of you for this very extraordinary and causeless broil, at a moment when my father's service so decidedly demands the most perfect unanimity. But the worst of my situation is, that



my very best friends hold they have liberty to ruin themselves, as well as the cause they are engaged in, upon the slightest caprice."

Both the young men protested their resolution to submit every difference to his arbitration. „Indeed," said Edward, „I hardly know of what I am accused. I sought Colonel Mac-Ivor merely to mention to him that I had narrowly escaped assassination at the hand of his immediate dependant, a dastardly revenge, which I knew him to be incapable of authorising. As to the cause for which he is disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me, I am ignorant of it, unless it be that he accuses me, most unjustly, of having engaged the affections of a young lady in prejudice of his pretensions."

„If there is an error," said the Chieftain, „it arises from a conversation which I held this morning with his Royal Highness himself."

„With me?" said the Chevalier; „how can Colonel Mac-Ivor have so far misunderstood me?"

He then led Fergus aside, and, after five minutes earnest conversation, spurred his horse towards Edward. „Is it possible — nay, ride up, Colonel, for I desire no secrets — Is it possible, Mr Waverley, that I am mistaken in supposing that you are an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine? a fact of which I was by



circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced, that I alleged it to Vich Ian Vohr this morning as a reason why, without offence to him, you might not continue to be ambitious of an alliance, which to an unengaged person, even though once repulsed, holds out too many charms to be lightly laid aside."

"Your Royal Highness," said Waverley, "must have founded on circumstances altogether unknown to me, when you did me the distinguished honour of supposing me an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine. I feel the distinction implied in the supposition, but I have no title to it. For the rest, my confidence in my own merit is too justly slight to admit of my hoping for success in any quarter after positive rejection."

The Chevalier was silent for a moment, looking steadily at them both, and then said, "Upon my word, Mr Waverley, you are a less happy man than I conceived I had very good reason to think you. But now, gentlemen, allow me to be umpire in this matter, not as Prince Regent, but as Charles Stuart, a brother adventurer with you in the same gallant cause. Lay my pretensions entirely out of view, and consider your own honour, and how far it is well, or becoming, to give our enemies the advan-



tage, and our friends the scandal, of shewing that, few as we are, we are not united. And forgive me if I add, that the names of the ladies who have been mentioned, crave more respect from us all than to be made themes of discord."

He took Fergus a little apart, and spoke to him very earnestly for two or three minutes, and then returning to Waverley, said, "I believe I have satisfied Colonel Mac-Ivor, that his resentment was founded upon a misconception, to which, indeed, I myself gave rise; and I trust Mr Waverley is too generous to harbour any recollection of what is past, when I assure him that such is the case. — You must state this matter properly to your clan, Vich Ian Vohr, to prevent a recurrence of their precipitate violence." Fergus bowed. "And now, gentlemen, let me have the pleasure to see you shake hands."

They advanced coldly, and with measured steps, each apparently reluctant to appear most forward in concession. They did, however, shake hands, and parted, taking a respectful leave of the Chevalier.

Charles Edward then rode to the head of the Mac-Ivors, threw himself from his horse, begged a drink out of old Ballankeiroch's cantine, and marched about half a mile along with them,



enquiring into the history and connections of Sliochd nan Ivor, adroitly using the few words of Gaelic he possessed, and affecting a great desire to learn it more thoroughly. He then mounted his horse once more, and galloped to the Baron's cavalry, which was in front, halted them, and examined their accoutrements and state of discipline; took notice of the principal gentlemen, and even of the cadets; enquired after their ladies, and commended their horses; rode about an hour with the Baron of Bradwardine, and endured three long stories about Field-Marshal the Duke of Berwick.

„Ah, Beaujeu, mon cher ami,” said he, as he returned to his usual place in the line of march, „que mon metier de prince errant est ennuyant, par foi. Mais, courage! c'est le grand jeu, après tout.”



## CHAPTER LIX.

*A Skirmish.*

THE reader need hardly be reminded, that, after a council of war held at Derby upon the 5th of December, the Highlanders relinquished their desperate attempt to penetrate farther into England, and, greatly to the dissatisfaction of their young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by their extreme celerity of movement, outstripped the motions of the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

This retreat was a virtual resignation of their towering hopes. None had been so sanguine as Fergus Mac-Ivor; none, consequently, were so cruelly mortified at the change of measures



He argued, or rather remonstrated, with the utmost vehemence at the council of war; and, when his opinion was rejected, shed tears of grief and indignation. From that moment his whole manner was so much altered, that he could scarcely have been recognised for the same soaring and ardent spirit, for whom the earth seemed too narrow but a week before. The retreat had continued for several days, when Edward, to his surprise, early upon the 12th of December, received a visit from the Chieftain, in his quarters in a hamlet, about half way between Shap and Penrith.

Having had no intercourse with the Chieftain since their rupture, Edward waited with some anxiety an explanation of this unexpected visit; nor could he help being surprised, and somewhat shocked, with the change in his appearance. His eye had lost much of its fire; his cheek was hollow, his voice was languid, even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than it was wont; and his dress, to which he used to be particularly attentive, was now carelessly flung about him. He invited Edward to walk out with him by the little river in the vicinity; and smiled in a melancholy manner when he observed him take down and buckle on his sword.

As soon as they were in a wild sequestered



path by the side of the stream, the Chief broke out, — „Our fine adventure is now totally ruined, Waverley, and I wish to know what you intend to do: — nay, never stare at me, man. I tell you I received a packet from my sister yesterday, and, had I got the information it contains sooner, it would have prevented a quarrel, which I am always vexed when I think of. In a letter written after our dispute, I acquainted her with the cause of it; and she now replies to me, that she never had, nor could have, any purpose of giving you encouragement; so that it seems I have acted like a madman. — Poor Flora! she writes in high spirits; what a change will the news of this unhappy retreat make in her state of mind!”

Waverley, who was really much affected by the deep tone of melancholy with which Fergus spoke, affectionately entreated him to banish from his remembrance any unkindness which had arisen between them, and they once more shook hands, but now with sincere cordiality. Fergus again enquired of Waverley what he intended to do. „Had you not better leave this luckless army, and get down before us into Scotland, and embark for the continent from some of the eastern ports that are still in our possession? When you are out of the kingdom, your friends will easily negotiate your



pardon; and, to tell you the truth, I wish you would carry Rose Bradwardine with you as your wife, and take Flora also under your joint protection." — Edward looked surprised — "She loves you, and I believe you love her, though, perhaps, you have not found it out, for you are not celebrated for knowing your own mind very pointedly." He said this with a sort of smile.

"How," answered Edward, "can you advise me to desert the expedition in which we are all embarked?"

"Embarked? the vessel is going to pieces, and it is full time for all who can, to get into the long-boat to leave her."

"Why, what will other gentlemen do, and why did the Highland Chiefs consent to this retreat, if it is so ruinous?"

"O, they think that, as on former occasions, the heading, hanging, and forfeiting, will chiefly fall to the lot of the Lowland gentry; that they will be left secure in their poverty and their fastnesses, there, according to their proverb, 'to listen to the wind upon the hill till the waters abate.' But they will be disappointed; they have been too often troublesome to be so repeatedly passed over, and this time John Bull has been too heartily frightened to recover his good humour for some time. The Hanoverian



ministers always deserved to be hanged for rascals, but now, if they get the power in their hands, — as soon or late they must, since there is neither rising in England nor assistance from France, — they will deserve the gallows as fools, if they leave a single clan in the Highlands in a situation to be again troublesome to government. Ay, they will make root and branch-work, I warrant them."

"And while you recommend flight to me, — a counsel which I will rather die than embrace, — what are your own views?"

"O, my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow."

"What do you mean by that? The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Remember Gladsmuir."

"What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned."

"Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?"

"On one which never failed a person of my house. I have seen," he said, lowering his voice, "the Bodach Glas."

"Bodach Glas?"

"Yes: Have you been so long at Glennaquoich, and never heard of the Grey Spectre!



though indeed there is a certain reluctance among us to mention him."

"No, never."

"Ah! it would have been a tale for poor Flora to have told you. Or if that hill were Benmore, and that long blue lake, which you see just winding towards yon mountainous country, were Loch Tay, or my own Loch an Ri, the tale would be better suited with scenery. However, let us sit down on this knoll; even Saddleback and Ulswater will suit what I have to say better than the English hedgerows, inclosures, and farm-houses. You must know, then, that when my ancestor, Ian nan Chais-tel, wasted Northumberland, there was associated with him in the expedition a sort of south-land chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Hall. In their return through the Cheviots, they quarrelled about the division of the great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time, his spirit has crossed the Vich Ian Vohr of the day when any great disaster was impending, but especially before approaching death. My father saw him twice; once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff-



Muir; another time on the morning of the day on which he died."

"How can you, my dear Fergus, tell such nonsense with a grave face?"

"I do not ask you to believe it; but I tell you the truth, ascertained by three hundred years experience at least, and last night by my own eyes."

"The particulars, for heaven's sake!"

"I will, on condition you will not attempt a jest upon the subject. — Since this unhappy retreat commenced, I have scarce ever been able to sleep for thinking of my clan, and of this poor Prince, whom they are leading back like a dog in a string, whether he will or no, and of the downfall of my family. Last night I felt so feverish that I left my quarters, and walked out, in hopes the keen frost air would brace my nerves — I cannot tell how much I dislike going on, for I know you will hardly believe me. However — I crossed a small foot-bridge, and kept walking back and forwards, when I observed with surprise, by the clear moonlight, a tall figure in a grey plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me."

"You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably,"



«No: I thought so at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart, and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still and turned myself on the same spot successively to the four points of the compass — By Heaven, Edward, turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes, at precisely the same distance! I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled, and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me, (for I cannot say he walked,) until he reached the footbridge: there he stopped, and turned full round. I must either wade the river, or pass him as close as I am to you. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to make my way in despite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and uttered, 'In the name of God, Evil Spirit, give place!' 'Vich Ian Vohr,' it said, in a voice that made my very blood curdle, 'beware of to-morrow!' It seemed at that moment not half a yard from my sword's point; but the words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage. I got home, and threw myself on my bed, where I spent a



few hours heavily enough; and this morning, as no enemy was reported to be near us, I took my horse, and rode forward to make up matters with you. I would not willingly fall, until I am in charity with a wronged friend."

Edward had little doubt that this phantom was the operation of an exhausted frame, and depressed spirits, working upon the belief common to all Highlanders in such superstitions. He did not the less pity Fergus, for whom, in his present distress, he felt all his former regard revive. With the view of diverting his mind from these gloomy images, he offered, with the Baron's permission, which he knew he could readily obtain, to remain in his quarters till Fergus's corps should come up, and march with them as usual. The Chief seemed much pleased, yet hesitated to accept the offer. "We are, you know, in the rear — the post of danger in a retreat."

"And therefore the post of honour."

"Well, let Alick have your horse in readiness, in case we should be over-matched, and I shall be delighted to have your company once more."

The rear-guard were late in making their



appearance, having been delayed by various accidents, and by the badness of the roads. At length they entered the hamlet. When Waverley joined the clan Mac-Ivor, arm-in-arm with their Chieftain, all the resentment they had entertained against him seemed blown off at once. Evan Dhu received him with a grin of congratulation; and even Callum, who was running about as active as ever, pale indeed, and with a great patch upon his head, appeared delighted to see him.

"That gallows-bird's skull," said Fergus, "must be harder than marble: the lock of the pistol was actually broken."

"How could you strike so young a lad so hard?"

"Why, if I did not strike hard sometimes, the rascals would forget themselves."

They were now in full march, every caution being taken to prevent surprise. Fergus's people, and a fine clan-regiment from Badenoch, commanded by Cluny Macpherson, had the rear. They had passed a large open moor, and were entering into the inclosures which surround a small village called Clifton. The winter sun had set, and Edward began to rally Fergus upon



the false predictions of the Grey Spirit. "The  
ides of March are not past," said Mac-Ivor,  
with a smile; when, suddenly casting his eyes  
back on the moor, a large body of cavalry was  
indistinctly seen to hover upon its brown and  
dark surface. To line the inclosures facing the  
open ground, and the road by which the enemy  
must move from it upon the village, was the  
work of a short time. While manoeuvres were  
accomplishing, night sunk down, dark and gloo-  
my, though the moon was at full. Sometimes,  
however, she gleamed forth a dubious light upon  
the scene of action.

The Highlanders did not long remain undis-  
turbed in the defensive position they had adopt-  
ed. Favoured by the night, one large body of  
dismounted dragoons attempted to force the in-  
closures, while another, equally strong, strove  
to penetrate by the high-road. Both were re-  
ceived by such a heavy fire as disconcerted their  
ranks, and effectually checked their progress.  
Unsatisfied with the advantage thus gained, Fer-  
gus, to whose ardent spirit the approach of dan-  
ger seemed to restore all its elasticity, drawing  
his sword, and calling out "Claymore!" encou-  
raged his clan, by voice and example, to rush  
down upon the enemy. Mingling with the dis-



mounted dragoons, they forced them, at the swordpoint, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, shewed to the English the small number of assailants, disordered by their own success. Two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the inclosures. But several of them, amongst others their brave Chieftain, were cut off and surrounded before they could effect their purpose. Waverley, looking eagerly for Fergus, from whom, as well as from the retreating body of his followers, he had been separated in the darkness and tumult, saw him, with Evan Dhu and Callum, defending themselves desperately against a dozen of horsemen, who were hewing at them with their long broad-swords. The moon was again at that moment totally overclouded, and Edward, in the obscurity, could neither bring aid to his friends, nor discover which way lay his own road to rejoin the rear-guard. After once or twice narrowly escaping being slain or made prisoner by parties of the cavalry whom he encountered in the darkness, he at length reached an inclosure, and, clambering over it, concluded himself in safety, and on the way to the Highland forces, whose pipes he heard at some distance. For Fergus



hardly a hope remained, unless that he might be made prisoner. Revolving his fate with sorrow and anxiety, the superstition of the Bodach Glas recurred to Edward's recollection, and he said to himself, with internal surprise, "What, can the devil speak truth?"



## CHAPTER LX.

### *Chapter of Accidents.*

EDWARD was in a most unpleasant and dangerous situation. He soon lost the sound of the bagpipes; and what was yet more unpleasant, when, after searching long in vain, and scrambling through many inclosures, he at length approached the high road, he learned, from the unwelcome noise of kettle-drums and trumpets, that the English cavalry now occupied it, and consequently were between him and the Highlanders. Precluded, therefore, from advancing in a straight direction, he resolved to avoid the English military, and endeavour to join his friends by making a circuit to the left, for which a beaten path, deviating from the



main road in that direction, seemed to afford facilities. The path was muddy, and the night dark and cold; but even these inconveniences were hardly felt amidst the apprehensions which falling into the hands of the King's forces reasonably excited in his bosom.

After walking about three miles, he at length reached a hamlet. Conscious that the common people were in general unfavourable to the cause he had espoused, yet anxious, if possible, to procure a horse and guide to Penrith, where he hoped to find the rear, if not the main body, of the Chevalier's army, he approached the alehouse of the place. There was a great noise within: He paused to listen. A round English oath or two, and the burden of a campaign song, convinced him the hamlet also was occupied by the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers. Endeavouring to retire from it as softly as possible, and blessing the obscurity which hitherto he had murmured against, Waverley groped his way the best he could along a small paling, which seemed the boundary of some cottage garden. As he reached the gate of this little inclosure, his outstretched hand was grasped by that of a female, whose voice at the same time uttered, „Edward, is't thou, man?”

„Here is some unlucky mistake,” thought



Edward, struggling, but gently, to disengage himself.

„Naen o' thy foun, now, man, or the red coats will hear thee; they hae been houlerying and poulerying every ane that past ale-house-door this noight to make them drive their wag-gons and sick loike. Come into feyther's, or they'll do ho a mischief.”

„A good hint,” thought Waverley, following the girl through the little garden into a brick-paved kitchen, where she set herself to kindle a match at an expiring fire, and with the match to light a candle. She had no sooner looked on Edward, than she dropped the light, with a shrill scream of „O feyther, feyther!”

The father, thus invoked, speedily appeared — a sturdy old farmer, in a pair of leather breeches, and boots pulled on without stockings, having just started from his bed; the rest of his dress was only a Westmoreland statesman's robe-de-chambre, that is his shirt. His figure was displayed to advantage, by a candle which he bore in his left hand; in his right he brandished a poker.

„What hast ho here, wench?”

„O!” cried the poor girl, almost going off in hysterics, „I thought it was Ned Williams, and it is one of the plaid-men.”

„And what was thee ganging to do wi' Ned



Williams at this time o' noight?" To this, which was, perhaps, one of the numerous class of questions more easily asked than answered, the rosy-cheeked damsel made no reply, but continued sobbing and wringing her hands.

"And thee, lad, doest ho know that the dragoons be a town? doest ho know that, mon? ad they'll sliver thee loike a turnip, mon."

"I know my life is in great danger," said Waverley, "but if you can assist me, I will reward you handsomely. I am no Scotchman, but an unfortunate English gentleman."

"Be ho Scot or no," said the honest farmer, "I wish thou hadst kept the other side of the hallan; but since thou art here, Jacob Jopson will betray no man's bluid; and the plaids were gay canny, and did not do so much mischief when they were here yesterday." Accordingly, he set seriously about sheltering and refreshing our hero for the night. The fire was speedily rekindled, but with precaution against its light being seen from without. The jolly yeoman cut a rasher of bacon, which Cicely soon broiled, and her father added a swingeing tankard of his best ale. It was settled, that Edward should remain there till the troops marched in the morning, then hire or buy a horse from the farmer, and, with the best directions that



could be obtained, endeavour to overtake his friends. A clean, though coarse bed, received him after the fatigues of this unhappy day.

With the morning arrived the news that the Highlanders had evacuated Penrith, and marched off towards Carlisle; that the Duke of Cumberland was in possession of Penrith, and that detachments of his army covered the roads in every direction. To attempt to get through undiscovered would be an act of the most frantic temerity. Ned Williams (the right Edward) was now called to council by Cicely and her father. Ned, who perhaps did not care that his handsome namesake should remain too long in the same house with his sweetheart, for fear of fresh mistakes, proposed that Edward, exchanging his uniform and plaid for the dress of the country, should go with him to his father's farm near Ulswater, and remain in that undisturbed retirement until the military movements in the country should have ceased to render his departure hazardous. A price was also agreed upon, at which the stranger might board with Farmer Williams, if he thought proper, till he could depart with safety. It was of moderate amount; the distress of his situation, among this honest and simple-hearted race, being considered as no reason for increasing their demand on this account.



The necessary articles of dress were accordingly procured, and, by following byepaths, known to the young farmer, they hoped to escape any unpleasant rencontre. A recompence for their hospitality was refused peremptorily by old Jopson and his cherry-cheeked daughter; a kiss paid the one, and a hearty shake of the hand the other. Both seemed anxious for their guest's safety, and took leave of him with kind wishes.

In the course of their route, Edward, with his guide, traversed those fields which the night before had been the scene of action. A brief gleam of December's sun shone sadly on the broad heath, which, towards the spot where the great north-west road entered the inclosures of Lord Lonsdale's property, exhibited dead bodies of men and horses, and the usual companions of war, a number of carrion-crows, hawks, and ravens.

„And this, then, was thy last field,” thought Waverley, his eye filling at the recollection of the many splendid points of Fergus's character, and of their former intimacy, all his passions and imperfections forgotten — „here fell the last Vich Ian Vohr, on a nameless heath; and in an obscure night-skirmish was quenched that ardent spirit, who thought it little to cut a way for his master to the British



throne! Ambition, policy, bravery, all far beyond their sphere, here learned the fate of mortals. The sole support, too, of a sister, whose spirit, as proud and unbending, was even more exalted than thine own; here ended all thy hopes for Flora, and the long and valued line which it was thy boast to raise yet more highly by thy adventurous valour!"

As these ideas pressed on Waverley's mind, he resolved to go upon the open heath, and search if, among the slain, he could discover the body of his friend, with the pious intention of procuring for him the last rites of sepulture. The timorous young man who accompanied him remonstrated upon the danger of the attempt, but Edward was determined. The followers of the camp had already stripped the dead of all they could carry away; but the country-people, unused to scenes of blood, had not yet approached the field of action, though some stood fearfully gazing at a distance. About sixty or seventy dragoons lay slain within the first inclosure, upon the high road, and upon the open moor. Of the Highlanders, not above a dozen had fallen, chiefly those who, venturing too far on the moor, could not regain the strong ground. He could not find the body of Fergus among the slain. On a little knoll, separated from the others, lay the



carcases of three English dragoons, two horses, and the page Callum Beg, whose hard skull a trooper's broad-sword had, at length, effectually cloven. It was possible his clan had carried off the body of Fergus; but it was also possible he had escaped, especially as Evan Dhu, who would never leave his Chief, was not found among the dead; or he might be prisoner, and the less formidable denunciation inferred from the appearance of the Bodach Glas might have proved the true one. The approach of a party, sent for the purpose of compelling the country-people to bury the dead, and who had already assembled several peasants for that purpose, now compelled Edward to rejoin his guide, who awaited him in great anxiety and fear under shade of the plantations.

After leaving this field of death, the rest of their journey was happily accomplished. At the house of Farmer Williams, Edward passed for a young kinsman, bred a clergyman, who was come to reside there till the civil tumults permitted him to pass through the country. This silenced suspicion among the kind and simple yeomanry of Cumberland, and accounted sufficiently for the grave manners and retired habits of the new guest. The precaution became more necessary than Waverley had an-



anticipated, as a variety of incidents prolonged his stay at Fasthwaite, as the farm was called.

A tremendous fall of snow rendered his departure impossible for more than ten days. When the roads began to become a little practicable, they successively received news of the retreat of the Chevalier into Scotland; then, that he had abandoned the frontiers, retiring upon Glasgow; and that the Duke of Cumberland had formed the siege of Carlisle. His army, therefore, barred all possibility of Waverley's escaping into Scotland in that direction. On the eastern border, Marshal Wade, with a large force, was advancing upon Edinburgh, and all along the frontier, parties of militia, volunteers, and partizans, were in arms to suppress insurrection, and apprehend such stragglers from the Highland army as had been left in England. The surrender of Carlisle, and the severity with which the rebel garrison were threatened, soon formed an additional reason against venturing upon a solitary and hopeless journey through a hostile country and a large army, to carry the assistance of a single sword to a cause which seemed altogether desperate.

In this solitary and secluded situation, without the advantage of company or conversation with men of cultivated minds, the arguments



of Colonel Talbot often recurred to the mind of our hero. A still more anxious recollection haunted his slumbers — it was the dying look and gesture of Colonel G —. Most devoutly did he hope, as the rarely occurring post brought news of skirmishes with various success, that it might never again be his lot to draw his sword in civil conflict. Then his mind turned to the supposed death of Fergus, to the desolate situation of Flora, and, with yet more tender recollection, to that of Rose Bradwardine, who was destitute of the devoted enthusiasm of loyalty, which, to her friend, hallowed and exalted misfortune. These reveries he was permitted to enjoy, undisturbed by queries or interruption; and it was in many a winter walk by the shores of Ulswater, that he acquired a more complete mastery of a spirit tamed by adversity, than his former experience had given him; and that he felt himself entitled to say firmly, though perhaps with a sigh, that the romance of his life was ended, and that its real history had now commenced. He was soon called upon to justify his pretensions by reason and philosophy.



## CHAPTER LXI.

### *A Journey to London.*

THE family at Fasthwaite were soon attached to Edward. He had, indeed, that gentleness and urbanity which almost universally attracts corresponding kindness; and to their simple ideas his learning gave him consequence, and his sorrows interest. The last he ascribed, evasively, to the loss of a brother in the skirmish near Clifton; and in that primitive state of society, where the ties of affection were highly deemed of, his continued depression excited sympathy, but not surprise.

In the end of January, his more lively powers were called out by the happy union of Edward Williams, the son of his host, with



**Cicely Jopson.** Our hero would not cloud with sorrow the festivity attending the wedding of two persons to whom he was so highly obliged. He therefore exerted himself, danced, sung, played at the various games of the day, and was the blithest of the company. The next morning, however, he had more serious matters to think of.

The clergyman who had married the young couple was so much pleased with the supposed student of divinity, that he came next day from Penrith on purpose to pay him a visit. This might have been a puzzling chapter had he entered into any examination of our hero's supposed theological studies; but fortunately he loved better to hear and communicate the news of the day. He brought with him two or three old newspapers, in one of which Edward found a piece of intelligence that soon rendered him deaf to every word which the Reverend Mr Twigtythe was saying upon the news from the north, and the prospect of the Duke's speedily overtaking and crushing the rebels. This was an article in these, or nearly these words:

„Died at his house, in Hill Street, Berkeley-Square, upon the 10th inst. Richard Waverley, Esq. second son to Sir Giles Waverley of Waverley-honour, etc. etc. He died of a lingering



disorder, augmented by the unpleasant predicament of suspicion in which he stood, having been obliged to find bail, to a high amount, to meet an impending accusation of hightreason. An accusation of the same grave crime hangs over his elder brother, Sir Everard Waverley, the representative of that ancient family; and we understand the day of his trial will be fixed early in the next month, unless Edward Waverley, son of the deceased Richard, and heir to the Baronet, shall surrender himself to justice. In that case, we are assured it is his Majesty's gracious purpose to drop further proceedings upon the charge against Sir Everard. This unfortunate young gentleman is ascertained to have been in arms in the Pretender's service, and to have marched along with the Highland troops into England. But he has not been heard of since the skirmish at Clifton upon 18th December last."

Such was this distracting paragraph. — „Good God! am I then a parricide? — Impossible! my father, who never shewed the affection of a father while he lived, cannot have been so much affected by my supposed death as to hasten his own; no, I will not believe it, — it were distraction to entertain for a moment such a horrible idea. But, it were, if possible, worse than parricide to suffer any danger to



hang over my noble and generous uncle, who has ever been more to me than a father, if such evil can be averted by any sacrifice on my part!"

While these reflections passed like the stings of scorpions through Waverley's sensorium, the worthy divine was startled in a long disquisition on the battle of Falkirk by the ghastliness which they communicated to his looks, and asked him if he was ill? Fortunately the bride, all smirk and blush, had just entered the room. Mrs Williams was none of the brightest of women, but she was good-natured, and readily concluding that Edward had been shocked by disagreeable news in the papers, interfered so judiciously, that, without exciting suspicion, she drew off Mr Twigtythe's attention, and engaged it until he soon after took his leave. Waverley immediately explained to his friends that he was under the necessity of going to London with as little delay as possible.

One cause of delay, however, did occur, to which Waverley had been very little accustomed. His purse, though well stocked when he first went to Tully-Veolan, had not been reinforced since that period; and although his life since had not been of a nature to exhaust it hastily, for he had lived chiefly with his friends or with the army, yet he found, that, after



settling with his kind landlord, he would be too poor to encounter the expence of travelling post. The best course, therefore, seemed to be, to get into the great north road about Boroughbridge, and there take a place in the Northern Diligence, a huge old fashioned tub, drawn by three horses, which completed the journey from Edinburgh to London (God willing, as the advertisement expressed it) in three weeks. Our hero, therefore, took an affectionate farewell of his Cumberland friends, whose kindness he promised never to forget, and tacitly hoped one day to acknowledge, by substantial proofs of gratitude. After some petty difficulties and vexatious delays, and after putting his dress into a shape better befitting his rank, though perfectly plain and simple, he accomplished crossing the country, and found himself in the desired vehicle *vis-à-vis* to Mrs Nosebag, the lady of Lieutenant Nosebag, adjutant and riding-master of the — dragoons, a jolly woman of about fifty, wearing a blue habit, faced with scarlet, and grasping a silver-mounted horsewhip,

This lady was one of those active members of society who take upon them *faire les frais de la conversation*. She was just returned from the north, and informed Edward how nearly her regiment had cut the petticoat people into



ribbands at Falkirk, „only somehow there was one of those nasty awkward marshes that they are never without in Scotland, I think, and so our poor dear little regiment suffered something, as my Nosebag says, in that unsatisfactory affair. You, sir, have served in the dragoons?” Waverley was taken so much at un-awares, that he acquiesced.

„O, I knew it at once; I saw you were military from your air, and I was sure you could be none of the foot-wobblers, as my Nosebag calls them. What regiment, pray?” Here was a delightful question. Waverley, however, justly concluded that this good lady had the whole army-list by heart; and, to avoid detection by adhering to truth, answered, „G —’s dragoons, ma’am; but I have retired some time.”

„O, those as won the race at the battle of Preston, as my Nosebag says. Pray, sir, were you there?”

„I was so unfortunate, madam, as to witness that engagement.”

„And that was a misfortune that few of G —’s stood to witness, I believe, sir, — ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon; but a soldier’s wife loves a joke.”

Devil confound you, thought Waverley; what



infernal luck has penned me up with this inquisitive hag!

Fortunately the good lady did not stick long to one subject. „We are coming to Ferry-bridge, now,” she said, „where there was a party of *ours* left to support the beadles, and constables, and justices, and these sort of creatures that are examining papers and stopping rebels, and all that.” They were hardly in the inn before she dragged Waverley to the window, exclaiming, „Yonder comes Corporal Bridoon, of our poor dear troop; he’s coming with the constable man; Bridoon’s one of my lambs, as Nosebag calls ’em. Come, Mr A—a—a, —pray, what’s your name, sir?”

„Butler, ma’am,” said Waverley, resolved rather to make free with the name of a former fellow-officer, than run the risk of detection by inventing one not to be found in the regiment.

„O, you got a troop lately, when that shabby fellow, Waverley, went over to the rebels Lord, I wish our old cross Captain Crump would go over to the rebels, that Nosebag might get the troop! — Lord, what can Bridoon be standing swinging on the bridge for? I’ll be hanged if he a’nt hazy, as Nosebag says. — Come, sir, as you and I belong to



the service, we'll go put the rascal in mind of his duty."

Waverley, with feelings more easily conceived than described, saw himself obliged to follow this doughty female commander. The gallant corporal was as like a lamb as a drunk corporal of dragoons, about six feet high, with very broad shoulders, and very thin legs, not to mention a great scar across his nose, could well be. Mrs Nosebag addressed him with something which, if not an oath, sounded very like one, and commanded him to attend to his duty. „You be d — d for a —,” commenced the gallant cavalier; but, looking up in order to suit the action to the words, and also to enforce the epithet which he meditated, with an adjective applicable to the party, he recognised the speaker, made his military salam, and altered his tone. — „Lord love your handsome face, Madam Nosebag, is it you? why, if a poor fellow does happen to fire a slug of a morning, I am sure you were never the lady to bring him to harm."

„Well, you rascallion, go, mind your duty; this gentleman and I belong to the service; but be sure you look after that shy cock in the slouched hat that sits in the corner of the coach. I believe he's one of the rebels in disguise."



„D — n her gooseberry wig,” said the corporal, when she was out of hearing, „that gimlet-eyed jade, — mother adjutant, as we call her, — is a greater plague to the regiment than prevot-marshal, serjeant-major, and old Hubble-de-Shuff, the colonel, into the bargain. — Come, Master Constable, let’s see if this shy cock, as she calls him, (who, by the way, was a Quaker, from Leeds, with whom Mrs Nosebag had had some tart argument on the legality of bearing arms,) will stand godfather to a sup of brandy, for your Yorkshire ale is cold on my stomach.”

The vivacity of this good lady, as it helped Edward out of this scrape, was like to have drawn him into one or two others. In every town where they stopped, she wished to examine the corps de garde, if there was one, and once very narrowly missed introducing Waverley to a recruiting-serjeant of his own regiment. Then she Captain’d and Butler’d him till he was almost mad with vexation and anxiety; and never was he more rejoiced in his life at the termination of a journey, than when the arrival of the coach in London freed him from the attentions of Madam Nosebag.



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## CHAPTER LXII.

### *What's to be done next?*

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It was twilight when they arrived in town; and having shaken off his companions, and walked through a good many streets, to avoid the possibility of being traced by them, Edward took a hackneycoach and drove to Colonel Talbot's house, in one of the principal squares at the west end of the town. That gentleman, by the death of relations, had succeeded since his marriage to a large fortune, possessed considerable political interest, and lived in what is called great style.

When Waverley knocked at his door, he found it at first difficult to procure admittance, but at length was shewn into an apartment where the Colonel was at table. Lady Emily,



whose very beautiful features were still pallid from indisposition, sat opposite to him. The instant he heard Waverley's voice, he started up and embraced him. "Frank Stanley, my dear boy, how d'ye do? — Emily, my love, this is young Stanley."

The blood started to the lady's cheek as she gave Waverley a reception, in which courtesy was mingled with kindness, while her trembling hand and faltering voice shewed how much she was startled and discomposed. Dinner was hastily replaced, and while Waverley was engaged in refreshing himself, the Colonel proceeded — "I wonder you have come here, Frank; the Doctors tell me the air of London is very bad for your complaints. You should not have risked it. But I am delighted to see you, and so is Emily, though I fear we must not reckon upon your staying long."

"Some particular business brought me up," muttered Waverley.

"I supposed so, but I sha'n't allow you to stay long. — Spontoan, (to an elderly military looking servant out of livery) take away these things, and answer the bell yourself, if I ring. Don't let any of the other fellows disturb us — My nephew and I have business to talk of."

When the servants had retired, "In the name



of God, Waverley, what has brought you here? It may be as much as your life is worth."

"Dear Mr Waverley," said Lady Emily, "to whom I owe so much more than acknowledgments can ever pay, how could you be so rash?"

"My father — my uncle — this paragraph," he handed the paper to Colonel Talbot.

"I wish to Heaven these scoundrels were condemned to be squeezed to death in their own presses," said Talbot. "I am told there are not less than a dozen of their papers now published in town, and no wonder that they are obliged to invent lies to find sale for their journals. It is true, however, my dear Edward, that you have lost your father; but as to this flourish of his unpleasant situation having grated upon his spirits, and hurt his health — the truth is — for though it is harsh to say so now, yet it will relieve your mind from the idea of weighty responsibility — the truth then is, that Mr Richard Waverley, through this whole business, showed great want of sensibility, both to your situation and that of your uncle; and the last time I saw him, he told me, with great glee, that as I was so good as to take charge of your interests, he had thought it best to patch up a separate negotiation for himself, and make his peace with government through some channels which former connections left still open to him."



„And my uncle, my dear uncle?”

„Is in no danger whatever. It is true (looking at the date of the paper) there was a foolish report some time ago to the purport here quoted, but it is entirely false. Sir Everard is gone down to Waverley-Honour, freed from all uneasiness, unless upon your own account. But you are in peril yourself — your name is in every proclamation — warrants are out to apprehend you. How and when did you come here?”

Edward told his story at length, suppressing his quarrel with Fergus; for, being himself partial to Highlanders, he did not wish to give any advantage to the Colonel's national prejudice against them.

„Are you sure it was your friend Glen's foot-boy you saw dead in Clifton-Moor?”

„Quite positive.”

„Then that little limb of the devil has cheated the gallows, for cut-throat was written in his face, though (turning to Lady Emily) it was a very handsome face too. But for you, Edward, I wish you would go down again to Cumberland, or rather I wish you had never stirred from thence, for there is an embargo in all the sea-ports, and a strict search for adherents of the Pretender; and the tongue of that confounded woman will wag in her head like the



clack of a mill, till somehow or other she will detect Lieutenant Butler to be a feigned personage."

"Do you know any thing," asked Waverley, "of my fellow traveller?"

"Her husband was my serjeant-major for six years; she was a buxom widow, with a little money — he married her — was steady, and got on by being a good drill. I must send Spontoon to see what she is about; he will find her out among the old regimental connections. To-morrow you must be indisposed, and keep your room from fatigue. Lady Emily is to be your nurse, and Spontoon and I your attendants. You bear the name of a near relation of mine, whom none of my present people ever saw, except Spontoon. so there will be no immediate danger. So pray feel your head ache and your eyes grow heavy as soon as possible, that you may be put upon the sick list; and, Emily, do you order an apartment for Frank Stanley, with all the attentions which an invalid may require."

In the morning the Colonel visited his guest. "Now," said he, "I save some good news for you. Your reputation as a gentleman and officer is effectually cleared of neglect of duty and accession to the mutiny in G — 's regiment. I have had a correspondence on this subject with a very zealous friend of yours, your Scotch par-



son, Morton; his first letter was addressed to Sir Everard; but I relieved the good Baronet of the trouble of answering it. You must know, that your free-booting acquaintance, Donald of the Cave, has at length fallen into the hands of the Philistines. He was driving off the cattle of a certain proprietor, called Killan — something or other —”

„Killancureit?”

„The same — now the gentleman being, it seems, a great farmer, and having a special value for his breed of cattle, being, moreover, rather of a timid disposition, had got a party of soldiers to protect his property. So Donald run his head unawares into the lion's mouth, and was defeated and made prisoner. Being ordered for execution, his conscience was assailed on the one hand by a catholic priest, on the other by your friend Morton. He repulsed the catholic chiefly on account of the doctrine of extreme unction, which this economical gentleman considered as an excessive waste of oil. So his conversion from a state of impenitence fell to Mr Morton's share, who, I dare say, acquitted himself excellently, though, I suppose, Donald made but a queer kind of Christian after all. He confessed, however, before a magistrate, one Major Melville, who seems to have been a correct friendly sort of person, his full intrigue



with Houghton, explaining particularly how it was carried on, and fully acquitting you of the least accession to it. He also mentioned his rescuing you from the hands of the volunteer officer, and sending you, by orders of the Pret — Chevalier I mean — as a prisoner to Doune, from whence he understood you were carried prisoner to Edinburgh. These are particulars which cannot but tell in your favour. He hinted that he had been employed to deliver and protect you, and rewarded for doing so; but he would not confess by whom, alleging, that though he would not have minded breaking any ordinary oath to satisfy the curiosity of Mr Morton, to whose pious admonitions he owed so much, yet, in the present case, he had been sworn to silence upon the edge of his dirk, which, it seems, constituted, in his opinion, an inviolable obligation."

"And what is become of him?"

"O, he was hanged at Stirling after the rebels raised the siege, with his lieutenant, and four plaids beside; he having the advantage of a gallows more lofty than his friends."

"Well, I have little cause either to regret or rejoice at his death; and yet he has done me both good and harm to a very considerable extent."



„His confession, at least, will serve you materially, since it wipes from your character all those suspicious which gave the accusation against you a complexion of a nature different from that with which so many unfortunate gentlemen, now, or lately, in arms against the government, may be justly charged. Their treason — I must give it its name, though you participate in its guilt — is an action arising from mistaken virtue, and therefore cannot be classed as a disgrace, though it be doubtless highly criminal. Where the guilty are so numerous, clemency must be extended to far the greater number; and I have little doubt of procuring a remission for you, providing we can keep you out of the claws of justice till she has selected and gorged upon her victims; for in this, as in other cases, it will be according to the vulgar proverb, First come first served. Besides, government are desirous at present to intimidate the English Jacobites, among whom they can find few examples for punishment. This is a vindictive and timid feeling which will soon wear off, for, of all nations, the English are least blood thirsty by nature. But it exists at present, and you must, therefore, be kept out of the way in the mean time.”

Now entered Spontoan, with an anxious countenance. By his regimental acquaintances he



had traced out Madam Nosebag, and found her full of ire, fuss, and fidget, at discovery of an impostor, who had travelled from the north with her under the assumed name of Captain Butler of G—'s dragoons. She was going to lodge an information on the subject, to have him sought for as an emissary of the Pretender; but Spontoan, (an old soldier,) while he pretended to approve, contrived to make her delay her intention. No time, however, was to be lost: the accuracy of this good dame's description might probably lead to the discovery that Waverley was the pretended Captain Butler; an identification fraught with danger to Edward, perhaps to his uncle, and even to Colonel Talbot. Which way to direct his course was now the question.

„To Scotland,” said Waverley.

„To Scotland?” said the Colonel; „with what purpose? — Not to engage again with the rebels, I hope.”

„No — I considered my campaign ended, when, after all my efforts, I could not rejoin them; and now, by all accounts, they are gone to make a winter campaign in the Highlands, where such adherents as I am would rather be burdensome than useful. Indeed, it seems likely that they only prolong the war to place the Chevalier's person out of danger, and then



to make some terms for themselves. To burden them with my presence would merely add another party, whom they would not give up, and could not defend. I understand they left almost all their English adherents in garrison at Carlisle, for that very reason: — and on a more general view, Colonel, to confess the truth, though it may lower me in your opinion, I am heartily tired of the trade of war, and am, as Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant says, 'even as weary of this fighting' —

«Fighting! pooh, what have you seen but a skirmish or two? — Ah! if you saw war on the grand scale — sixty or a hundred thousand men in the field on each side!»

«I am not at all curious, Colonel — Enough, says our homely proverb, is as good as a feast. The plumed troops and the big war used to enchant me in poetry, but the night marches, vigils, couches under the wintry sky, and such accompaniments of the glorious trade, are not at all to my taste in practice: — then for dry blows, I had *my* fill of fighting at Clifton, where I escaped by a hair's-breadth half a dozen times; and you, I should think» — He stopped.

«Had enough at Preston? you mean to say,» said the Colonel, laughing; «but 'tis my vocation, Hal.»



«It is not mine though,” said Waverley; «and, having honourably got rid of the sword which I drew only as a volunteer, I am quite satisfied with my military experience, and shall be in no hurry to take it up again.”

«I am very glad you are of that mind, — but then what would you do in the north?”

«In the first place, there are some seaports on the eastern coast of Scotland still in the hands of the Chevalier’s friends; should I gain any of them, I can easily embark for the continent.”

«Good — your second reason.”

«Why, to speak the very truth, there is a person in Scotland upon whom I now find my happiness depends more than I was always aware, and about whose situation I am very anxious.”

«Then Emily was right, and there is a love affair in the case after all? — And which of these two pretty Scotchwomen, whom you insisted upon my admiring, is the distinguished fair? not Miss Glen — I hope.”

«No.”

«Ah, pass for the other; simplicity may be improved, but pride and conceit never. Well, I don’t discourage you; I think it will please Sir Everard, from what he said when I jested with him about it; only I hope that intolerable papa, with his brogue, and his snuff, and his



Latin, and his insufferable long stories about the Duke of Berwick, will find it necessary hereafter to be an inhabitant of foreign parts. But as to the daughter, though I think you might find as fitting a match in England, yet if your heart be really set upon this Scotch rose-bud, why the Baronet has a great opinion of her father and of his family, and he wishes much to see you married and settled, both for your own saked and for that of the three ermines passant, which may otherwise pass away altogether. But I will bring you his mind fully upon the subject, since you are debarred correspondence for the present, for I think you will not be long in Scotland before me."

"Indeed! and what can induce you to think of returning to Scotland? No relenting longings towards the land of mountains and floods, I am afraid."

"None, on my word; but Emily's health is now, thank God, re-established, and, to tell you the truth, I have little hopes of concluding the business which I have at present most at heart, until I can have a personal interview with his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief; for, as Fluellen says, 'the duke doth love me well, and I thank heaven I have deserved some love at his hands.' I am now going out for an hour or two to arrange matters for



your departure; your liberty extends to the next room, Lady Emily's parlour, where you will find her when you are disposed for music, reading, or conversation. We have taken measures to exclude all servants, but Spontoan, who is as true as steel."

In about two hours Colonel Talbot returned, and found his young friend conversing with his lady; she, pleased with his manners and information, and he delighted at being restored, though but for a moment, to the society of his own rank, from which he had been for some time excluded.

"And now," said the Colonel, "hear my arrangements, for there is little time to lose. This youngster, Edward Waverley, alias Williams, alias Captain Butler, must continue to pass by his fourth *alias* of Francis Stanley, my nephew; he shall set out to-morrow for the North, and the chariot shall take him the first two stages. Spontoan shall then attend him; and they shall ride post as far as Huntingdon; and the presence of Spontoan, well known on the road as my servant, will check all disposition to enquiry. At Huntingdon you will meet the real Frank Stanley. He is studying at Cambridge; but, a little while ago, doubtful if Emily's health would permit me to go down to the North myself, I procured him a passport from the se-



cretary of state's office to go in my stead. As he went chiefly to look after you, his journey is now unnecessary. He knows your story; you will dine together at Huntingdon; and perhaps your wise heads may hit upon some plan for removing or diminishing the danger of your farther progress northward. And now, (taking out a morocco case,) let me put you in funds for the campaign."

"I am ashamed, my dear Colonel" —

"Nay, you should command my purse in any event; but this money is your own. Your father, considering the chance of your being attainted, left me his trustee for your advantage. So that you are worth above L. 15,000, besides Brerewood-Lodge — a very independent person, I promise you. There are bills here for L. 200; any larger sum you may have, or credit abroad as soon as your motions require it."

The first use which occurred to Waverley of his newly-acquired wealth, was to write to honest Farmer Jopson, requesting his acceptance of a silver tankard on the part of his friend Williams, who had not forgotten the night of the eighteenth December last. He begged him at the same time carefully to preserve for him his Highland garb and accoutrements, particularly the arms, curious in themselves, and to which the friendship of the donors gave addi-



tional value. Lady Emily undertook to find some suitable token of remembrance, likely to flatter the vanity and please the taste of Mrs Williams; and the Colonel, who was a kind of farmer, promised to send the Ulswater patriarch an excellent team of horses for cart and plough.

One happy day Waverley spent in London; and, travelling in the manner projected, he met with Frank Stanley at Huntingdon. The two young men were acquainted in a minute.

„I can read my uncle's riddle,” said Stanley; „the cautious old soldier did not care to hint to me that I might hand over to you this passport, which I have no occasion for; but if it should afterwards come out as the rattle-pated trick of a young Cantab, *cela ne tire à rien*. You are therefore to be Francis Stanley, with his passport.” This proposal appeared in effect to alleviate a great part of the difficulties which Edward must otherwise have encountered at every turn; and accordingly he scrupled not to avail himself of it, the more especially as he had discarded all political purposes from his present journey, and could not be accused of furthering machinations against the government while travelling under protection of the secretary's passport.



The day passed merrily away. The young student was inquisitive about Waverley's campaigns, and the manners of the Highlands, and Edward was obliged to satisfy his curiosity by whistling a pibroch, dancing a strathspey, and singing a Highland song. The next morning Stanley rode a stage northwards with his new friend, and parted from him with great reluctance, upon the remonstrances of Spontoon, who, accustomed to submit to discipline, was rigid in enforcing it.



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CHAPTER LXIII.

Desolation.

W^{AV}ERLEY riding post, as was the usual fashion of the period, without any adventure save one or two queries, which the talisman of his passport sufficiently answered, reached the borders of Scotland. Here he heard the tidings of the decisive battle of Culloden. It was no more than he had long expected, though the success at Falkirk had thrown a faint and setting gleam over the arms of the Chevalier. Yet it came upon him like a shock, by which he was for a time altogether unmanned. The generous, the courteous, the noble-minded Adventurer, was then a fugitive, with a price upon his

head; his adherents, so brave, so enthusiastic, so faithful, were dead, imprisoned, or exiled. Where, now, was the exalted and high-souled Fergus, if, indeed, he had survived the night at Clifton? Where the pure-hearted and primitive Baron of Bradwardine, whose foibles seemed foils to set off the disinterestedness of his disposition, his genuine goodness of heart, and unshaken courage? Those who clung for support to their fallen columns, Rose and Flora, where were they to be sought, and in what distress must not the loss of their natural protectors have involved them? Of Flora, he thought with the regard of a brother for a sister; of Rose, with a sensation yet more deep and tender. It might be still his fate to supply the want of those guardians they had lost. Agitated by these thoughts he precipitated his journey.

When he arrived at Edinburgh, where his enquiries must necessarily commence, he felt the full difficulty of his situation. Many inhabitants of that city had seen and known him as Edward Waverley; how, then, could he avail himself of a passport as Francis Stanley? He resolved, therefore, to avoid all company, and to move northward as soon as possible. He was, however, obliged to wait a day or two in expectation of a letter from Colonel

Talbot, and he was also to leave his own address, under his feigned character, at a place agreed upon. With this latter purpose he sallied out in the dusk through the wellknown streets, carefully shunning observation, but in vain: one of the first persons whom he met at once recognized him. It was Mrs Flockhart, Fergus Mac-Ivor's good-humoured landlady.

"Gude guide us, Mr Waverley, is this you? na, ye need na be feared for me. I wad betray nae gentleman in your circumstance — eh, lack a-day! lack a-day! here's a change o' markets; how merry Colonel Mac-Ivor and you used to be in our house!" And the good-natured widow shed a few natural tears. As there was no resisting her claim of acquaintance, Waverley acknowledged it with a good grace, as well as the danger of his own situation. "As it is nigh the darkening, sir, wad ye just step in bye to our house, and tak a dish o' tea? and I am sure if ye like to sleep in the little room, I wad tak care ye are no disturbed, and naebody wad ken ye; for Kate and Matty, the limmers, gaed aff wi' twa o' Hawley's dragoons, and I hae twa new queans instead o' them."

Waverley accepted her invitation, and engaged her lodging for a night or two, satisfied

he would be safer in the house of this simple creature than any where else. When he entered the parlour, his heart swelled to see Fergus's bonnet, with the white cockade, hanging beside the little mirror.

«Ay,” said Mrs Flockhart, sighing, as she observed the direction of his eyes, «the poor Colonel bought a new ane just the day before they marched, and I winna let them tak that ane doun, but just to brush it ilka day mysel, and whiles I look at it till I just think I hear him cry to Callum to bring him his bonnet, as he used to do when he was ganging out. — It's unco silly — the neighbours ca' me a Jacobite — but they may say their say — I am sure it's no for that — but he was as kind-hearted a gentleman as ever lived, and as weel-fa'rd too. Oh, d'ye ken, sir, whan he is to suffer?”

«Suffer! why, where is he?”

«Eh, Lord's sake! d'ye no ken? The poor Hieland body, Dugald Mahony, cam here a while syne wi' ane o' his arms cuttit off, and a sair clour in the head — ye'll mind Dugald, he carried aye an axe on his shouther — and he cam here just begging, as I may say, for something to eat. A weel, he tauld us the Chief, as they ca'd him, (but I aye ca' him the Colonel,) and Ensign Maccombich, that ye

ye

mind weel, were ta'en somewhere beside the English border, when it was sae dark that his folk never missed him till it was ower late, and they were like to gang clean daft. And he said that little Callum Beg, (he was a bauld mischievous callant that,) and your honour, were killed that same night in the tuilzie, and mony mae bra' men. But he grat when he spak o' the Colonel, ye never saw the like. And now the word gangs the Colonel is to be tried, and to suffer whi' them that were ta'en at Carlisle."

"And his sister?"

"Ay, that they ca'd the Lady Flora — weel, she's away up to Carlisle to him, and lives wi' some grand papist lady thereabouts to be near him."

"And," said Edward, "the other young lady?"

"Whilk other? I ken only of ae sister the Colonel had."

"I mean Miss Bradwardine," said Edward.

"Ou, ay; the laird's daughter. She was a very bonny lassie, poor thing, but far shyer than Lady Flora."

"Where is she, for God's sake?"

"Ou, wha kens where ony o' them is now? puir things, they're sair ta'en down for their white cockades and their white roses; but she

gaed north to her father's in Perthshire, when the government troops cam back to Edinbro'. There was some pretty men amang them, and ane Major Whacker was quartered on me, a very civil gentleman, — but O, Mr Waverley, he was naething sae weel fa'rd as the puir Colonel."

"Do you know what is become of Miss Bradwardine's father?"

"The auld laird? na, naebody kens that; but they say he fought very hard in that bluidy battle at Inverness; and Deacon Clank, the white-iron smith, says, that the government folk are sair agane him for having been out twice; and troth he might hae ta'en warning, but there's nae fule like an auld fule — the puir Colonel was only out ance."

Such conversation contained almost all the good-natured widow knew of the fate of her late lodgers and acquaintances; but it was enough to determine Edward, at all hazards, to proceed instantly to Tully-Veolan, where he concluded he should see, or at least hear something of Rose. He therefore left a letter for Colonel Talbot at the place agreed upon, signed by his assumed name, and giving for his address the post town next to the Baron's residence.

From Edinburgh to Perth he took posthorses,

resolving to make the rest of his journey on foot; a mode of travelling to which he was partial, and which had the advantage of permitting a deviation from the road when he saw parties of military at a distance. His campaign had considerably strengthened his constitution, and improved his habits of enduring fatigue. His baggage he sent before him as opportunity occurred.

As he advanced northward, the traces of war became visible. Broken carriages, dead horses, unroofed cottages, trees felled for palisades, and bridges destroyed, or only partially repaired, — all indicated the movements of hostile armies. In those places where the gentry were attached to the Stuart cause, their houses seemed dismantled or deserted, the usual course of what may be called ornamental labour was totally interrupted, and the inhabitants were seen gliding about, with fear, sorrow, and dejection in their faces.

It was evening when he approached the village of Tully-Veolan, with feelings and sentiments — how different from those which attended his first entrance! Then, life was so new to him, that a dull or disagreeable day was one of the greatest misfortunes which his imagination anticipated, and it seemed to him that his time ought only to be consecrated to

elegant or amusing study, and relieved by social or youthful frolic. Now, how changed! how saddened, yet how elevated was his character, within the course of a very few months! Danger and misfortune are rapid, though severe teachers. "A sadder and a wiser man," he felt, in internal confidence and mental dignity, a compensation for the gay dreams which, in his case, experience had so rapidly dissolved.

As he approached the village, he saw, with surprise and anxiety, that a party of soldiers were quartered near it, and, what was worse, that they seemed stationary there. This he conjectured from a few tents which he beheld glimmering upon what was called the Common Moor. To avoid the risk of being stopped and questioned in a place where he was so likely to be recognized, he fetched a large circuit, altogether avoiding the hamlet, and approaching the upper gate of the avenue by a bye-path well known to him. A single glance announced that great changes had taken place. One half of the gate, entirely broken down, and split up for firewood, lay in piles, ready to be taken away; the other swung uselessly about upon its loosened hinges. The battlements above the gate were broken and thrown down, and the carved Bears, which were said to have done

centinel's duty upon the top for centuries, now, hurled from their posts, lay among the rubbish. The avenue was cruelly wasted. Several large trees were felled and left lying across the path; and the cattle of the villagers, and the more rude hoofs of dragoon horses, had poached into black mud the verdant turf which Waverley had so much admired.

Upon entering the court-yard, Edward saw the fears realized which these circumstances had excited. The place had been sacked by the King's troops, who, in wanton mischief, had even attempted to burn it; and though the thickness of the walls had resisted the fire, unless to a partial extent, the stables and out-houses were totally consumed. The towers and pinnacles of the main building were scorched and blackened; the pavement of the court broken and shattered; the doors torn down entirely, or hanging by a single hinge; the windows dashed in and demolished, and the court strewn with articles of furniture broken into fragments. The accessories of ancient distinction, to which the Baron, in the pride of his heart, had attached so much importance and veneration, were treated with peculiar contumely. The fountain was demolished, and the spring, which had supplied it, now flooded the court-yard. The stone-bason seemed to be

destined for a drinking-trough for cattle, from the manner in which it was arranged upon the ground. The whole tribe of Bears, large and small, had experienced as little favour as those at the head of the avenue, and one or two of the family pictures, which seemed to have served as targets for the soldiers, lay on the ground in tatters. With an aching heart, as may well be imagined, Edward viewed these wrecks of a mansion so respected. But his anxiety to learn the fate of the proprietors, and his fears as to what that fate might be, increased with every step. When he entered upon the terrace, new scenes of desolation were visible. The ballustrade was broken down, the walls destroyed, the borders overgrown with weeds, and the fruit-trees cut down or grubbed up. In one compartment of this old-fashioned garden were two immense horse-chestnut trees, of whose size the Baron was particularly vain: too lazy, perhaps, to cut them down, the spoilers, with malevolent ingenuity, had mined them, and placed a quantity of gunpowder in the cavity. One had been shivered to pieces by the explosion, and the wreck lay scattered around, encumbering the ground it had so long shadowed. The other mine had been more partial in its effect. About one-fourth of the trunk of the tree was torn

from the mass, which, mutilated and defaced on the one side, still spread on the other its ample and undiminished boughs.

Amid these general marks of ravage, there were some which more particularly addressed the feelings of Waverley. Viewing the front of the building, thus wasted and defaced, his eyes naturally sought the little balcony which more properly belonged to Rose's apartment—her *troisième*, or rather *cinquième étage*. It was easily discovered, for beneath it lay the stage-flowers and shrubs, with which it was her pride to decorate it, and which had been hurled from the partizan: several of her books were mingled with broken flower-pots and other remnants. Among these, Waverley distinguished one of his own, a small copy of Ariosto, and gathered it as a treasure, though wasted by the wind and rain.

While, plunged in the sad reflections which the scene excited, he was looking around for some one who might explain the fate of the inhabitants, he heard a voice from the interior of the building, singing, in well-remembered accents, an old Scottish song:

“They came upon us in the night,
And brake my bower and slew my knight:

My servants a' for life did flee,
 And left us in extremitie.
 They slew my knight, to me sae dear;
 They slew my knight, and drave his gear;
 The moon may set, the sun may rise,
 But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes."

Alas, thought Edward, is it thou? Poor helpless being, are thou alone left, to gibber and moan, and fill with thy wild and unconnected scraps of minstrelsy the halls that protected thee? — He then called, first low, and then louder, "Davie — Davie Gellatley!"

The poor simpleton shewed himself from among the ruins of a sort of green-house, that once terminated what was called the Terrace-walk, but at first sight of a stranger retreated, as if in terror. Waverley, remembering his habits, began to whistle a tune to which he was partial, which Davie had expressed great pleasure in listening to, and had picked up from him by the ear. Our hero's minstrelsy no more equalled that of Blondel, than poor Davie resembled Cœur de Lion; but the melody had the same effect, of producing recognition. Davie again stole from his lurking place, but timidly, while Waverley, afraid of frightening him, stood making the most encouraging signals he could devise. — "It's his

ghaist," muttered Davie; yet, coming nearer, he seemed to acknowledge his living acquaintance. The poor fool himself seemed the ghost of what he had been. The peculiar dress in which he had been attired in better days, shewed only miserable rags of its whimsical finery, the lack of which was oddly supplied by the remnants of tapestried hangings, window-curtains, and shreds of pictures, with which he had bedizened his tatters. His face, too, had lost its vacant and careless air, and the poor creature looked hollow-eyed, meagre, halfstarved, and nervous to a pitiable degree. After long hesitation, he at length approached Waverley with some confidence, stared him sadly in the face, and said, "A' dead and gane — a' dead and gane."

"Who are dead?" said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

"Baron — and Baillie — and Sanders Sanderson — and Lady Rose, that sang sae sweet — A' dead and gane — dead and gane."

But follow, follow me,
While glow worms light the lea,
I'll shew ye where the dead should be —
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,

And the red moon peeps dim through
the cloud.

Follow, follow me;
Brave should he be
That treads by the night the dead man's
lea."

With these words, chaunted in a wild and earnest tone, he made a sign to Waverley to follow him, and walked rapidly toward the bottom of the garden, tracing the bank of the stream, which, it may be remembered, was its eastern boundary. Edward, over whom an involuntary shuddering stole at the import of his words, followed him in some hope of an explanation. As the house was evidently deserted, he could hope to find among the ruins no more rational informer.

Davie, walking very fast, soon reached the extremity of the garden, and scrambled over the ruins of the wall that once had divided it from the wooded glen in which the old Tower of Tully-Veolan was situated. He then jumped down into the bed of the stream, and, followed by Waverley, proceeded at a great pace, climbing over some fragments of rock, and turning with difficulty round others. They passed beneath the ruins of the castle; Waverley followed, keeping up with his guide with difficulty,

for the twilight began to fall. Following the descent of the stream a little lower, he totally lost him, but a twinkling light, which he now discovered among the tangled copse-wood and bushes, seemed a surer guide. He soon pursued a very uncouth path; and by its guidance at length reached the door of a wretched hut. A fierce barking of dogs was at first heard, but it stilled at his approach. A voice sounded from within, and he held it most prudent to listen before he advanced.

“Wha hast thou brought here, thou unsonsy villain, thou?” said an old woman, apparently in great indignation. He heard Davie Gellatley, in answer, whistle a part of the tune by which he had recalled himself to the simpleton’s memory, and had now no hesitation to knock at the door. There was a dead silence instantly within, except the deep growling of the dogs; and he next heard the mistress of the hut approach the door, not probably for the sake of undoing a latch, but of fastening a bolt. To prevent this, Waverley lifted the latch himself.

In front was an old wretched-looking woman, exclaiming, “Wha comes into folks houses in this gait, at this time o’ the night?” On one side, two grim and half-starved deer greyhounds laid aside their ferocity at his appearance, and seemed to recognize him. On the other

side, half concealed by the opened door, yet apparently seeking that concealment reluctantly, with a cocked pistol in his right hand, and his left in the act of drawing another from his belt, stood a tall boney gaunt figure in the remnants of a faded uniform, and a beard of three weeks' growth.

It was the Baron of Bradwardine. — It is unnecessary to add, that he threw aside his weapon, and greeted Waverley with a hearty embrace.

CHAPTER LXIV.*Comparing of Notes.*

THE Baron's story was short, when divested of the adages and common-places, Latin, English, and Scotch, with which his erudition garnished it. He insisted much upon his grief at the loss of Edward and of Glennaquoich, fought the fields of Falkirk and Culloden, and related how, after all was lost in the last battle, he had returned home, under the idea of more easily finding shelter among his own tenants, and on his own estate, than elsewhere. A party of soldiers had been sent to lay waste his property, for clemency was not the order of the day. Their proceedings, however, were checked by an order from the civil court. The estate, it was found, might not be forfeited to

the crown, to the prejudice of Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, the heir-male, whose claim could not be prejudiced by the Baron's attainder, as deriving no right through him, and who, therefore, like other heirs of entail in the same situation, entered upon possession. But, unlike many in similar circumstances, the new laird speedily shewed that he intended utterly to exclude his predecessor from all benefit or advantage in the estate, and that it was his purpose to avail himself of the old Baron's evil fortune, to the full extent. This was the more ungenerous, as it was generally known, that, from a romantic idea of not prejudicing this young man's right as heir-male, the Baron had refrained from settling his estate on his daughter. In the Baron's own words, "The matter did not coincide with the feelings of the commons of Bradwardine, Mr Waverley; and the tenants were slack and repugnant in payment of their mails and duties; and when my kinsman came to the village wi' the new factor, Mr James Howie, to lift the rents, some wan-chancy person — I suspect John Heatherblutter, the auld game-keeper, that was out wi' me in the year fifteen — fired a shot at him in the gloaming, whereby he was so affrighted, that I may say with Tullius in *Catilinam*, *Abiit, evasit, erupit, effugit*. He

fled, sir, as one may say, incontinent to Stirling. And now he hath advertised the estate for sale, being himself the last substitute in the entail. — And if I were to lament about sic matters, this would grieve me mair than its passing from my immediate possession, whilk, by the course of nature, must have happened in a few years. Whereas now it passes from the lineage that should have possessed it in *sæcula sæculorum*. But God's will be done, *humana perpessi sumus*. Sir John of Bradwardine — Black Sir John as he is called — who was the common ancestor of our house and the Inch-Grabbits, little thought such a person would have sprung from his loins. Meantime, he has accused me to some of the *primates*, the rulers for the time, as if I were a cut-throat, and an abettor of bravoos and assassins, and Coupe jarrets. And they have sent soldiers here to abide on the estate, and hunt me like a partridge upon the mountains, as Scripture says of good King David, or like our valiant Sir William Wallace, — not that I bring myself into comparison with either. — I thought, when I heard you at the door, they had driven the auld deer to his den at last; and so I e'en proposed to die at bay, like a buck of the first head. — But now, Janet, canna ye gie us something for supper?"

“Ou, ay, sir, I’ll brander the moor-fowl that John Heatherblutter brought in this morning; and ye see puir Davie’s roasting the black hen’s eggs. — I dare say, Mr Wauverley, ye never kend that a’ the eggs that were sae weel roasted at supper in the Ha’-house were aye turned by our Davie; — there’s no the like o’ him ony gate for powtering wi’ his fingers amang the het peat-ashes, and roasting eggs.” Davie all this while lay with his nose almost in the fire, nuzzling among the ashes, kicking his heels, mumbling to himself, and turning the eggs as they lay in the hot embers, as if to confute the proverb, that “there goes reason to roasting of eggs,” and justify the eulogium which poor Janet poured out upon

“Him whom she loved, her idiot boy.”

“Davie’s no sae silly as folks tak him for, Mr Wauverley; he wadna hae brought you here unless he had kend ye was a friend to his honour — indeed the very dogs kend ye, Mr Wauverley, for ye was aye kind to beast and body. — I can tell you a story o’ Davie, wi’ his Honour’s leave: His Honour, ye see, being under hiding in thae sair times — the mair’s the pity — he lies a’ day, and whiles a’ night, in the cove in the dern hag; but though it’s a

bieldy eneugh bit, and the auld gudeman o' Corse Cleugh has panged it wi' a kemple o' strae amaist, yet when the country's quiet, and the night very cauld, his Honour whiles creeps doun here to get a warm at the ingle, and a sleep amang the blankets, and gangs awa' in the morning. And so, ae morning, siccan a fright as I got! Twa unlucky red-coats were up for black-fishing, or some siccan ploy — for the neb o' them's never out of mischief — and they just got a glisk o' his honour as he gaed into the wood, and banded aff a gun at him. I out like a jer-falcon, and cried, — 'Wad they shoot an honest woman's poor innocent bairn?' And I fleyt at them, and threepit it was my son; and they damned and swuir at me that it was the auld rebel, as the villains ca'd his Honour; and Davie was in the wood, and heard the tulzie, and he, just out o' his ain head, got up the auld grey mantle that his Honour had flung off him to gang the faster, and he cam out o' the very same bit o' the wood, majoring and looking about sae like his Honour, that they were clean beguiled, and thought they had letten aff their gun at crackbrained Sawney, as they ca' him; and they gae me sixpence, and twa saumon fish, to say naething about it. — Na, na, Davie's no just like other folk, puir fal-

low; but he's no sae silly as folk tak him for. — But, to be sure, how can we do eneugh for his Honour, when we and ours have lived on his ground this twa hundred years; and when he keepit my puir Jamie at school and college, and even at the Ha'-house, till he gaed to a better place; and when he saved me frae being ta'en to Perth as a witch — Lord forgie them that would touch sic a puir silly auld body! — and has maintained puir Davie at heck and manger maist feck o' his life?"

Waverley at length found an opportunity to interrupt Janet's narrative, by an enquiry after Miss Bradwardine.

"She's weel and safe, thank God! at the Duchran," answered the Baron; "the laird's distantly related to us, and more nearly to my chaplain, Mr Rubrick; and, though he be of Whig principles, yet he's not forgetful of auld friendship at this time. The Baillie's doing what he can to save something out of the wreck for puir Rose; but I doubt, I doubt, I shall never see her again, for I maun lay my banes in some far country."

"Hout na, your honour," said old Janet, "ye were just as ill aff in the feifteen, and got the bonnie baronie back, an' a'; and now the eggs is ready, and the muir-cock's brandered, and there's ilk ane a trencher and some saut,

and the heel o' the white loaf that cam frae the Baillie's; and there's plenty o' brandy in the greybeard that Luckie Maclearie sent down, and winna ye be suppered like princes?"

"I wish one prince, at least, of our acquaintance may be no worse off," said the Baron to Waverley, who joined him in cordial hopes for the safety of the unfortunate Chevalier.

They then began to talk of their future prospects. The Baron's plan was very simple. It was, to escape to France, where, by the interest of his old friends, he hoped to get some military employment, of which he still conceived himself capable. He invited Waverley to go with him, a proposal in which he acquiesced, providing the interest of Colonel Talbot should fail in procuring his pardon. Tacitly he hoped the Baron would sanction his addresses to Rose, and give him a right to assist him in his exile; but he forbore to speak on this subject until his own fate should be decided. They then talked of Glennaquoich, for whom the Baron expressed great anxiety, although, he observed, he was "the very Achilles of Horatius Flaccus, —

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

Which," he continued, "has been thus rendered vernacularly by Struan Robertson:

A fiery etter-cap, a fractious chiel,
As het as ginger, and as stieve as steel."

Flora had a large and unqualified share of the good old man's sympathy.

It was now wearing late. Old Janet got into some kind of kennel behind the ballan; Davie had been long asleep and snoring between Ban and Buscar. These dogs had followed him to the hut after the mansion-house was deserted, and there constantly resided; and their ferocity, with the old woman's reputation of being a witch, contributed a good deal to keep visitors from the glen. With this view, Baillie Mac-wheelble supplied Janet underhand with meal for their maintenance, and also with little articles of luxury for his patron's use, in supplying which much precaution was necessarily used. After some compliments, the Baron occupied his usual couch, and Waverley reclined in an easy chair of tattered velvet, which had once garnished the state bed-room of Tully-Veolan, (for the furniture of this mansion was now scattered through all the cottages in the vicinity, and went to sleep as comfortably as in a bed of down.

CHAPTER LXV.

More Explanation.

WITH the first dawn of day, old Janet was scuttling about the house to wake the Baron, who usually slept sound and heavily.

„I must go back,” he said to Waverley, „to my cove; will you walk down the glen wi' me?” They went out together, and followed a narrow and entangled foot-path, which the occasional passage of anglers, or wood-cutters, had traced by the side of the stream. On their way, the Baron explained to Waverley, that he would be under no danger in remaining a day or two at Tully-Veolan, and even in being seen walking about, if he used the precaution of pretending that he was looking at the estate as agent or surveyor for an English gentleman, who designed to be purchaser. With this view, he recommended to him to visit the Baillie, who still lived at the factor's house, called Little Veolan, about a mile from the village,

though he was to remove at next term. Stanley's passport would be an answer to the officer who commanded the military; and as to any of the country people who might recognise Waverley, the Baron assured him he was in no danger of being betrayed by them.

„I believe,” said the old man, „half the people of the barony know that the auld laird is somewhere hereabout; for I see they do not suffer a single bairn to come here a bird-nesting; a practice, whilk, when I was in full possession of my power as baron, I was unable totally to inhibit. Nay, I often find bits of things in my way, that the poor bodies, God help them! leave there, because they think they may be useful to me. I hope they will get a wiser master, and as kind a one as I was.”

A natural sigh closed the sentence; but the quiet equanimity with which the Baron endured his misfortunes, had something in it venerable and even sublime. There was no fruitless repining, no turbid melancholy; he bore his lot, and the hardships which it involved, with a good-humoured, though serious composure, and used no violent language against the prevailing party.

„I did what I thought my duty,” said the good old man, „and questionless they are doing what they think theirs. It grieves me sometimes to look upon these blackened walls of the

house of my ancestors; but doubtless officers cannot always keep the soldiers' hand from depredation and spuilzie; and Gustavus Adolphus himself, as ye may read in Colonel Munro his Expedition with the worthy Scots regiment called Mackay's regiment, did often permit it. — Indeed I have myself seen as sad sights as Tully-Veolan now is, when I served with the Marechal Duke of Berwick. To be sure we may say with Virgilius Maro, *Fuimus Troes* — and there's the end of an auld sang. But houses and families and men have a'stood lang eneugh when they have stood till they fall wi' honour; and now I hae gotten a house that is not unlike a *domus ultima*" — they were now standing below a steep rock. „We poor Jacobites,” continued the Baron, looking up, „are now like the conies in Holy Scripture, (which the great traveller Pococke calleth Jerboa,) a feeble people, that make our abode in the rocks. So, fare you well, my good lad, till we meet at Janet's in the even, for I must get into my Patmos, which is no easy matter for my auld stiff limbs.”

With that he began to ascend the rock, striding, with the help of his hands, from one precarious footstep to another, till he got about half way up, where two or three bushes concealed the mouth of a hole, resembling an oven, into which the Baron insinuated, first his head

and shoulders, and then, by slow gradation, the rest of his long body; his legs and feet finally disappearing, coiled up like a huge snake entering his retreat, or a long pedigree introduced with care and difficulty into the narrow pigeon-hole of an old cabinet. Waverley had the curiosity to clamber up and look in upon him in his den, as the lurking-place might well be termed. Upon the whole, he looked not unlike that ingenious puzzle, called *a reel in a bottle*, the marvel of children, (and of some grown people too, myself for one,) who can neither comprehend the mystery how it has got in, or how it is to be taken out. The cave was very narrow, too low in the roof to admit of his standing, or almost of his sitting up, though he made some awkward attempts at the latter posture. His sole amusement was the perusal of his old friend Titus Livius, varied by occasionally scratching Latin proverbs and texts of Scripture with his knife on the roof and walls of his fortalice, which were of sandstone. As the cave was dry, and filled with clean straw and withered fern, „it made,” as he said, coiling himself up with an air of snugness and comfort which contrasted strangely with his situation, „unless when the wind was due north, a very passable *gite* for an old soldier.” Neither, as he observed, was he without sentries for the purpose of recognizing. Davie

and his mother were constantly on the watch, to discover and avert danger; and it was singular what instances of address seemed dictated by the instinctive attachment of the poor simpleton, when his patron's safety was concerned.

With Janet, Edward now sought an interview. He had recognized her at first sight as the old woman who had nursed him during his sickness after his delivery from Gifted Gillsillan. The hut also, though a little repaired, and somewhat better furnished, was certainly the place of his confinement; and he now recollected on the common moor of Tully-Veolan the trunk of a large decayed tree, called the *trystingtree*, which he had no doubt was the same at which the Highlanders rendezvoused on that memorable night. All this he had combined in his imagination the night before; but reasons, which may probably occur to the reader, prevented him from catechising Janet in presence of the Baron.

He now commenced the task in good earnest; and the first question was, Who was the young lady that visited the hut during his illness? Janet paused for a little; and then observed, that, to keep the secret now, would neither do good or ill to any body.

„It was just a leddy, that has na her equal in the world — Miss Rose Bradwardine!”

„Then Miss Rose was probably also the author of my deliverance,” inferred Waverley, delight-

ed at the confirmation of an idea which local circumstances had already induced him to entertain.

„I wot weel, Mr Wauverley, and that was she e'en; but sair, sair angry and affronted wad she hae been, puir thing, if she had thought ye had been ever to ken a word about the matter; for she gar'd me speak aye Gaelic when ye was in hearing, to mak ye trow we were in the Hiellands. I can speak it weil eneugh, for my mother was a Hielland woman.”

A few more questions now brought out the whole mystery respecting Waverley's deliverance from the bondage in which he left Cairnvreckan. Never did music sound sweeter to an amateur than the drowsy tautology with which old Janet detailed every circumstance, thrilled upon the ears of Waverley. But my reader is not a lover, and I must spare his patience, by attempting to condense, within reasonable compass, the narrative which old Janet spread through a harangue of nearly two hours.

When Waverley communicated to Fergus the letter he had received from Rose Bradwardine, by Davie Gellatley, giving an account of Tully-Veolan being occupied by a small party of soldiers, that circumstance had struck upon the busy and active mind of the Chieftain. Eager to distress and narrow the posts of the enemy, desirous to prevent their establishing a garrison

so near him, and willing also to oblige the Baron, — for he often had the idea of marriage with Rose floating through his brain, — he resolved to send some of his people to drive out the red-coats, and to bring Rose to Glen-naquoich. But just as he had ordered Evan with a small party on this duty, the news of Cope's having marched into the Highlands to meet and disperse the forces of the Chevalier, ere they came to a head, obliged him to join the standard with his whole forces.

He sent to order Donald Bean to attend him; but that cautious freebooter, who well understood the value of a separate command, instead of joining, sent various apologies which the pressure of the times compelled Fergus to admit as current, though not without the internal resolution of being revenged on him for his procrastination, time and place convenient. However, as he could not amend the matter, he issued orders to Donald to descend into the low country, drive the soldiers from Tully-Veolan, and, paying all respect to the mansion of the Baron, to take his abode somewhere near it, for protection of his daughter and family, and to harass and drive away any of the armed volunteers, or small parties of military, which he might find moving about in the vicinity.

As this charge formed a sort of roving commission, which Donald proposed to interpret in

the way most advantageous to himself, as he was relieved from the immediate terror of Fergus, and as he had, from former secret services, some interest in the councils of the Chevalier, he resolved to make hay while the sun shone. He achieved, without difficulty, the task of driving the soldiers from Tully-Veolan; but, although he did not venture to encroach upon the interior of the family, or to disturb Miss Rose, being unwilling to make himself a powerful enemy in the Chevalier's army,

“For well he knew the Baron's wrath was deadly;”

yet he set about to raise contributions and exactions upon the tenantry, and otherwise to turn the war to his own advantage. Meanwhile he mounted the white cockade, and waited upon Rose with a pretext of great devotion for the service in which her father was engaged, and many apologies for the freedom he must necessarily use for the support of his people. It was at this moment that Rose learned, by open-mouthed fame, with all sort of exaggeration, that Waverley had killed the smith at Cairn-vreckan, in an attempt to arrest him; had been cast into a dungeon by Major Melville of Cairn-vreckan, and was to be executed by martial law within three days. In the agony which these tidings excited, she proposed to Donald Bean

the rescue of the prisoner. It was the very sort of service which he was desirous to undertake, judging it might constitute a merit of such a nature as would make amends for any peccadilloes which he might be guilty of in the country. He had the art, however, pleading all the while duty and discipline, to hold off until poor Rose, in the extremity of her distress, offered to bribe him to the enterprize with some valuable jewels which had been her mother's.

Donald Bean, who had served in France, knew, and perhaps over-estimated, the value of these trinkets. But he also perceived Rose's apprehensions of its being discovered that she had parted with her jewels for Waverley's liberation. Resolved this scruple should not part him and the treasure, he voluntarily offered to take an oath that he would never mention Miss Rose's share in the transaction; and, foreseeing convenience in keeping the oath, and no probable advantage in breaking it, he took the engagement — in order, as he told his lieutenant, to deal handsomely by the young lady, — in the only mode and form which, by a mental pacification with himself, he considered as binding — he swore secrecy upon his drawn dirk. He was the more especially moved to this act of good faith by some attentions that Miss Bradwardine shewed to his daughter Alice, which, while they gained the heart of that mountain damsel, highly

gratified the pride of her father. Alice, who could now speak a little English, was very communicative in return for Rose's kindness, readily confided to her the whole papers respecting the intrigue with G—'s regiment, of which she was the depositary, and as readily undertook, at her instance, to restore them to Waverley without her father's knowledge. „For they may oblige the bonnie young lady and the handsome young gentleman,” thought Alice, „and wat use has my father for a whin bits o' scarted paper?”

The reader is aware that she took an opportunity of executing this purpose on the eve of Waverley's leaving the glen.

How Donald executed his enterprise, the reader is aware. But the expulsion of the military from Tully-Veolan had given alarm, and, while he was lying in wait for Gilfillan, a strong party, such as Donald did not care to face, was sent to drive back the insurgents in their turn, to encamp there, and to protect the country. The officer, a gentleman and a disciplinarian, neither intruded himself on Miss Bradwardine, whose unprotected situation he respected, nor permitted his soldiers to commit any breach of discipline. He formed a little camp, upon an eminence, near the house of Tully-Veolan, and placed proper guards at the passes in the vicinity. This unwelcome news reached Donald Bean Lean as he was returning to Tully-Veolan.

Determined, however, to obtain the guerdon of his labour, he resolved, since approach to Tully-Veolan was impossible, to deposit his prisoner in Janet's cottage, a place, the very existence of which could hardly have been suspected even by those who had long lived in the vicinity, unless they had been guided thither, and which was utterly unknown to Waverley himself. This effected, he claimed and received his reward. The illness of Waverley was an event which deranged all their calculations. Donald was obliged to leave the neighbourhood with his people, and to seek more free course for his adventures elsewhere. At Rose's earnest entreaty, he left an old man, an herbalist, who was supposed to understand a little of medicine, to superintend Waverley during his illness.

In the meanwhile, new and fearful doubts started in Rose's mind. They were suggested by old Janet, who insisted, that a reward having been offered for the apprehension of Waverley, and his own personal effects being so valuable, there was no saying to what breach of faith Donald might be tempted. In an agony of grief and terror, Rose took the daring resolution of explaining to the Prince himself the danger in which Mr Waverley stood, judging that, both as a politician, and a man of honour and humanity, Charles Edward would interest himself to prevent his falling into the hands of the op-

posite party. This letter she at first thought of sending anonymously, but naturally feared it would not, in that case, be credited. She therefore subscribed her name, though with reluctance and terror, and consigned it in charge to a young man, who, at leaving his farm to join the Chevalier's army, made it his petition to her to have some sort of credentials to the Adventurer, from whom he hoped to obtain a commission.

The letter reached Charles Edward on his descent to the Low Country, and, aware, of the political importance of having it supposed that he was in correspondence with the English Jacobites, he caused the most positive orders to be transmitted to Donald Bean Lean, to transmit Waverley, safe and uninjured, in person or effects, to the governor of Doune Castle. The freebooter durst not disobey, for the army of the Prince was now so near him that punishment might have followed; besides, he was a politician as well as a robber, and was unwilling to cancel the interest created through former secret services, by being refractory on this occasion. He therefore made virtue of necessity, and transmitted orders to his lieutenant to convey Edward to Doune, which was safely accomplished in the mode mentioned in a former chapter. The governor of Doune was directed to send him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, because the Prince was apprehensive that Waverley, if set at liber-

ty, might have resumed his purpose of going into England, without affording him an opportunity of a personal interview. In this, indeed, he acted by advice of the Chieftain of Glennaquoich, with whom it may be remembered the Chevalier communicated upon the mode of disposing of Edward, though without telling him how he came to learn the place of his confinement.

This, indeed, Charles Edward considered as a lady's secret; for although Rose's letter was couched in the most cautious and general terms, and professed to be written merely from motives of humanity, and zeal for the Prince's service, yet she expressed so anxious a wish that she should not be known to have interfered, that the Chevalier was induced to suspect the deep interest which she took in Waverley's safety. This conjecture, which was well-founded, led, however, to false inferences. For the emotion which Edward displayed on approaching Flora and Rose at the ball of Holy-rood, was placed by the Chevalier to the account of the latter; and he concluded that the Baron's views about the settlement of his property, or some such obstacle, thwarted their mutual inclinations. Common fame, it is true, frequently gave Waverley to Miss Mac-Ivor; but the Prince knew that common fame is very prodigal in such gifts; and, watching attentively the behaviour of the ladies toward Waverley, he had no doubt that

the young Englishman had no interest with Flora, and was beloved by Rose Bradwardine. Desirous to bind Waverley to his service, and wishing also to do a kind and friendly action, the Prince next assailed the Baron on the subject of settling his estate upon his daughter. Mr Bradwardine acquiesced; but the consequence was, that Fergus was immediately induced to prefer his double suit for a wife and an earldom, which the Prince rejected, in the manner we have seen. The Chevalier, constantly engaged in his own multiplied affairs, had not hitherto sought any explanation with Waverley, though often meaning to do so. But after Fergus's declaration, he saw the necessity of appearing neutral between the rivals, devoutly hoping that the matter, which now seemed fraught with the seeds of strife, might be permitted to lie over till the termination of the expedition. When on the march to Derby, Fergus, being questioned concerning his quarrel with Waverley, alleged as the cause, that Edward was desirous of retracting the suit he had made to his sister, the Chevalier plainly told him that he had himself observed Miss Mac-Ivor's behaviour to Waverley, and that he was convinced Fergus was under the influence of a mistake in judging of Waverley's conduct, who, he had every reason to believe, was engaged to Miss Bradwardine. The quarrel which ensued between

Edward and the Chieftain is, I hope, still in the remembrance of the reader. These circumstances will serve to explain such points of our narrative as, according to the custom of story-tellers, we deemed it fit to leave unexplained, for the purpose of exciting the reader's curiosity.

When Janet had once furnished the leading facts of this narrative, Waverley was easily enabled to apply the clue which they afforded, to other mazes of the labyrinth in which he had been engaged. To Rose Bradwardine, then, he owed the life which he now thought he could willingly have laid down to serve her. A little reflection convinced him, however, that to live for her sake was more convenient and agreeable, and that, being possessed of independence, she might share it with him either in foreign countries or in his own. The pleasure of being allied to a man of the Baron's high worth, and who was so much valued by his uncle Sir Everard, was also an agreeable consideration, had any thing been wanting to recommend the match. His absurdities, which had appeared grotesquely ludicrous during his prosperity, seemed, in the sun-set of his fortune, to be harmonized and assimilated with the noble features of his character, so as to add peculiarity without exciting ridicule. His mind occupied with such projects of future happiness, Edward sought Little Veolan, the habitation of Mr Duncan Macwheeble.

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CHAPTER LXVI.

*Now is Cupid a child of conscience — he makes  
restitution. — SHAKSPEARE.*

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MR DUNKAN MACWHEEBLE, no longer Commis-  
sary or Baillie, though still enjoying the empty  
name of the latter dignity, had escaped pro-  
scription by an early secession from the insur-  
gent party, and by his insignificance.

Edward found him in his office, immersed  
among papers and accounts. Before him was a  
large bicker of oatmeal-porridge, and at the  
side thereof, a horn-spoon and a bottle of two-  
penny. Eagerly running his eye over a volumi-  
nous law paper, he from time to time shovel-  
led an immense spoonful of these nutritive  
viands into his capacious mouth. A pot-bel-  
lied Dutch bottle of brandy, which stood by,  
intimated either that this honest limb of the  
law had taken his *morning* already, or that he  
meant to season his porridge with such diges-  
tive, or perhaps both circumstances might rea-



sonably be inferred. His night-cap and morning gown had whilome been of tartan, but, equally cautious and frugal, the honest Baillie had got them dyed black, lest their original ill-omened colour might remind his visitors of his unlucky excursion to Derby. To sum up his picture, his face was daubed with snuff up to the eyes, and his fingers with ink up to the knuckles. He looked dubiously at Waverley as he approached the little green rail which fenced his desk and stool from the approach of the vulgar. Nothing could give the Baillie more annoyance than the idea of acquaintance being claimed by any of the unfortunate gentlemen, who were now so much more likely to need assistance than to afford profit. But this was the rich young Englishman — who knew what might be his situation? — he was the Baron's friend too — what was to be done?

While these reflections gave an air of absurd perplexity to the poor man's visage, Waverley, reflecting on the communication he was about to make to him, of a nature so ridiculously contrasted with the appearance of the individual, could not help bursting out a-laughing, as he checked the propensity to exclaim, with Syphax, —

“Cato's a proper person to entrust  
A love-tale with.”



As Mr Macwheeble had no idea of any person laughing heartily, who was either encircled by peril or oppressed by poverty, the hilarity of Edward's countenance greatly relieved the embarrassment of his own, and, giving him a tolerably hearty welcome to Little Veolan, he asked what he would chuse for breakfast. His visitor had, in the first place, something for his private ear, and begged leave to bolt the door. Duncan by no means liked this precaution, which savoured of danger to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

Convinced he might trust his man, as he could make it his interest to be faithful, Edward communicated his present situation and future schemes to Macwheeble. The wily agent listened with apprehension when he found Waverley was still in a state of proscription — was somewhat comforted by learning that he had a passport — rubbed his hands with glee when he mentioned the amount of his present fortune — opened huge eyes when he heard the brilliancy of his future expectations — but when he expressed his intention to share them with Miss Rose Bradwardine, ecstasy had almost deprived the honest man of his senses. The Baillie started from his three-footed stool like the pythoness from her tripod; flung his best wig out of the window, because the block on which it was placed stood in the way of



his career; chucked his cap to the cieling; caught it as it fell; whistled Tullochgorum; danced a Highland fling with inimitable grace and agility, and then threw himself exhausted into a chair, exclaiming, «Lady Wauverley! — ten thousand a-year, the least Penny! — Lord preserve my poor understanding!»

«Amen, with all my heart,» said Waverley; «but now, Mr Macwheeble, let us proceed to business.» This word had somewhat a sedative effect, but the Baillie's head, as he expressed himself, was still, «in the bees.» He mended his pen, however, marked half a dozen sheets of paper with an ample marginal fold, whipped down Dallas of St Martins Styles from a shelf, where that venerable work roosted with Stair's Institutions, Dirleton's Doubts, Balfour's Practiques, and a parcel of old account-books — opened the volume at the article Contract of Marriage, and prepared to make what he called a «sma' minute, to prevent parties from resiling.»

With some difficulty, Waverley made him comprehend that he was going a little too fast. He explained to him that he should want his assistance, in the first place, to make his residence safe for the time, by writing to the officer at Tully-Veolan, that Mr Stanley, an English gentleman, nearly related to Colonel Talbot, was upon a visit of business at Mr Macwheeble's, and, knowing the state of the



country, had sent his passport for Captain Foster's inspection. This produced a polite answer from the officer, with an invitation to Mr Stanley to dine with him, which was declined, (as may easily be supposed,) under pretence of business.

Waverley's next request was, that Mr Macwheeble would dispatch a man and horse to —, the post-town at which Colonel Talbot was to address him, with directions to wait there until the post should bring a letter for Mr Stanley, and then to forward it to Little Veolan with all speed. In a moment, the Baillie was in search of his apprentice (or servitor, as he was called Sixty Years since,) Jock Scriver, and in not much greater space of time, Jock was on the back of the white poney.

“Tak care ye guide him weel, sir, for he's aye been short in the wind since — a hem — Lord be gude to me! (in a low voice,) I was gaun to come out wi' — since I rode whip and spur to fetch the Chevalier to redd Mr Wauverley and Vich Ivn Vohr; and an uncanny coup I gat for my pains. — Lord forgie your honour! I might hae broken my neck — but troth it was in a venture, mae ways nor ane; but this maks amends for a'. Lady Wauverley! — ten thousand a-year! — Lord be gude unto me!”



“But you forget, Mr Macwheeble, we want the Baron’s consent — the lady’s — ”

“Never fear, I’ll be caution for them — I’ll gie you my personal warrandice — ten thousand a-year! it dings Balmawhapple out and out — a year’s rent’s worth a Balmawhapple, fee and life-rent! Lord make us thankful!”

To turn the current of his feelings, Edward enquired if he had heard anything lately of the Chieftain of Glennaquoich?

“Not one word,” answered Macwheeble, “but that he was still in Carlisle Castle, and was soon to be pannelled for his life. I dinna wish the young gentleman ill,” he said, “but I hope that they that hae got him will keep him, and no let him back to this Hieland border to plague us wi’ blackmail, and a’ manner o’ violent, wrongous, and masterfu’ oppression and spoliation, both by himself and others of his causing, sending, and hounding out; and he couldna tak care o’ the siller when he had gotten it neither, but flang it a’ into yon idle quean’s lap at Edinburgh — but light come light gane. For my part, I never wish to see a kilt in the country again, nor a red coat, nor a gun, for that matter, unless it were to shoot a patrick: — they’re a’ tarr’d wi’ ae stick; and when they’ve done ye wrang, even when ye hae gotten decreet of spulzie, oppression, and violent profits against them, what



better are ye? — they hae na a plack to pay you; ye need never extract it."

With such discourse, and the intervening topics of business, the time passed until dinner, Macwheeble meanwhile promising to devise some mode of introducing Edward at the Duchran, where Rose at present resided, without risk of danger or suspicion; which seemed no very easy task, since the laird was a very zealous friend to government. The poultry-yard had been laid under requisition, and cockylecky and Scotch collops soon reeked in the Baillie's little parlour. The landlord's corkscrew was just introduced into the muzzle of a pint-bottle of claret, (cribbed possibly from the cellars of Tully-Veolan.) when the sight of the grey poney passing the window at full trot, induced the Baillie, but with due precaution, to place it aside for the moment. Enter Jock Scriever with a packet for Mr Stanley; it is Colonel Talbot's seal; and Edward's fingers tremble as he undoes it. Two official papers, folded, signed, and sealed in all formality, dropt out. They were hastily picked up by the Baillie, who had a natural respect for every thing resembling a deed, and, glancing slily on their titles, his eyes, or rather spectacles, are greeted with "Protection by his Royal Highness to the person of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq. of that ilk, commonly called Baron of Brad-



wardine, forfeited for his accession to the late rebellion." The other proves to be a protection of the same tenor in favour of Edward Waverley, Esq. Colonel Talbot's letter was in these words:

"MY DEAR EDWARD,

"I am just arrived here, and yet I have finished my business; it has cost me some trouble though, as you shall hear. I waited upon his Royal Highness immediately upon my arrival, and found him in no very good humour for my purpose. Three or four Scotch gentlemen were just leaving his levee. After he had expressed himself to me very courteously: 'Would you think it,' he said, 'Talbot, here have been half a dozen of the most respectable gentlemen, and best friends to government north of the Forth, Major Melville of Cairn-vreckan, Rubrick of Duchran, and others, who have fairly wrung from me, by their downright importunity, a present protection, and the promise of a future pardon, for that stubborn old rebel whom they call Baron of Bradwardine. They allege that his high personal character, and the clemency which he shewed to such of our people as fell into the rebels' hands, should weigh in his favour; especially as the loss of his estate is likely to be a severe enough punishment. Rubrick has undertaken to keep him



at his own house till things are settled in the country; but it's a little hard to be forced in a manner to pardon such a mortal enemy to the House of Brunswick.' This was no favourable moment for opening my business; however, I said I was rejoiced to learn that his Royal Highness was in the course of granting such requests, as it emboldened me to present one of the like nature in my own name. He was very angry, but I persisted; I mentioned the uniform support of our three votes in the house, touched modestly on services abroad, though valuable only in his Royal Highness's having been pleased kindly to accept them, and founded pretty strongly on his own expressions of friendship and good-will. He was embarrassed, but obstinate. I hinted the policy of detaching, on all future occasions, the heir of such a fortune as your uncle's from the machinations of the disaffected. But I made no impression. I mentioned the obligations which I lay under to Sir Everard, and to you personally, and claimed, as the sole reward of my services, that he would be pleased to afford me the means of evincing my gratitude. I perceived that he still meditated a refusal, and, taking my commission from my pocket, I said, as a last resource, that as his Royal Highness did not, under these pressing circumstances, think me worthy of a favour which he had not scrup-



led to grant to other gentlemen, whose services I could hardly judge more important than my own, I must beg leave to deposit, with all humility, my commission in his Royal Highness's hands, and to retire from the service. He was not prepared for this; he told me to take up my commission; said some very handsome things of my services, and granted my request. You are therefore once more a free man, and I have promised for you that you will be a good boy in future, and remember what you owe to the lenity of government. Thus you see *my* prince can be as generous as *yours*. I do not pretend, indeed, that he confers a favour with all the foreign graces and compliments of your Chevalier errant; but he has a plain English manner, and the evident reluctance with which he grants your request, indicates the sacrifice which he makes of his own inclination to your wishes. My friend, the adjutant-general, has procured me a duplicate of the Baron's protection, (the original being in Major Melville's possession,) which I send to you, as I know that if you can find him you will have pleasure in being the first to communicate the joyful intelligence. He will of course repair to Duchran without loss of time, there to ride quarantine for a few weeks. As for you, I give you leave to escort him thither, and to stay a week there, as I understand a



certain fair lady is in that quarter. And I have the pleasure to tell you, that whatever progress you can make in her good graces will be highly agreeable to Sir Everard and Mrs Rachael, who will never believe your views and prospects settled, and the three ermines passant in actual safety, until you present them with a Mrs Edward Waverley. Now, certain love-affairs of my own — a good many years since — interrupted some measures which were then proposed in favour of the three ermines passant; so I am bound in honour to make them amends. Therefore make good use of your time, for, when your week is expired, it will be necessary that you go to London to plead your pardon in the law court. Ever, dear Waverley, your's most truly,

“PHILIP TALBOT.”

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## CHAPTER LXVII.

*Happy's the wooing  
That's not long a doing.*

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WHEN the first rapturous sensation occasioned by these excellent tidings had somewhat subsided, Edward proposed instantly to go down to the glen to acquaint the Baron with their import. But the cautious Baillie justly observed, that if the Baron were to appear instantly in public, the tenantry and villagers might become riotous in expressing their joy, and give offence to «the powers that be,” a sort of persons for whom the Baillie always had unlimited respect. He therefore proposed that Mr Waverley should go to Janet Gellatley's, and bring the Baron up under cloud of night to Little Veolan, where he might once more enjoy the luxury of a good bed. In the meanwhile, he said, he himself would go to Captain Foster, and shew him the Baron's protection, and obtain his countenance for harbouring



him that night, and he would have horses ready on the morrow to set him on his way to the Duchran along with Mr Stanley, "whilk denomination, I apprehend, your honour will for the present retain," said the Baillie.

"Certainly, Mr Macwheeble; but will you not go down to the glen yourself in the evening to meet your patron?"

"That I wad wi' a' my heart; and mickle obliged to your honour for putting me in mind o' my bounden duty. But it will be past sunset afore I get back frae the Captain's, and at these unsonsy hours the glen has a bad name — there's something no that canny about auld Janet Gellatley. The laird he'll no believe thae things, but he was aye ower rash and venturesome — and feared neither man nor devil — and sae's seen o't. But right sure am I Sir George Mackenyie says that no divine can doubt there are witches, since the Bible says thou shalt not suffer them to live; and that no lawyer in Scotland can doubt it, since it is punishable by death by our law. So there's baith law an gospel for it. An his honour winna believe the Leviticus, he might aye believe the Statute book — but he may tak his ain way o't; it's a' ain to Duncan Macwheeble. However, I shall send to ask up auld Janet this e'en; it's best no to lightly them that have that character — and we'll want Davie to turn



the spit, for I'll gar Eppie put down a fat goose to the fire for your honours to your supper."

When it was near sun-set, Waverley hastened to the hut, and he could not but allow that superstition had chosen no improper locality, or unfit object, for the foundation of her fantastic terrors. It resembled exactly the description of Spenser:

"There, in a gloomy hollow glen, she found

A little cottage built of sticks and reeds,  
In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around,  
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds,  
And wilful want, all careless of her needs;

So chusing solitary to abide  
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish  
deeds.

And hellish arts, from people she might hide,  
And hurt far off, unknown, whomever she  
espied."

He entered the cottage with these verses in his memory. Poor old Janet, bent double with age, and bleared with peat-smoke, was tottering about the hut with a birch broom, muttering to herself as she endeavoured to make her hearth and floor a little clean for the reception of her expected guests. Waverley's step made her start, look up, and fall a trembling, so much had her nerves been on the rack for



her patron's safety. With difficulty Waverley made her comprehend that the Baron was now safe from personal danger; and when her mind had admitted that joyful news, it was equally hard to make her believe that he was not to enter again upon possession of his estate. "It behoved to be," she said, "he wad get it back again; naebody wad be sae gripple as to tak his geer after they had gi'en him a pardon: and for that Inch-Grabbit, I could whiles wish mysel a witch for his sake, if I werena feared the Enemy wad tak me at my word." Waverley then gave her some money, and promised that her fidelity should be rewarded. "How can I be rewarded, sir, sae weel, as just to see my auld master and Miss Rose come back and bruick their ain?"

Waverley now took leave of Janet, and soon stood beneath the Baron's Patmos. At a low whistle, he observed the veteran peeping out to reconnoitre, like an old badger with his head out of his hole. "Ye come rather early, my good lad," said he, descending; "I question if the redcoats hae beat the tattoo yet, and we're not safe till then."

"Good news cannot be told too soon," said Waverley; and with infinite joy communicated to him the happy tidings. The old man stood for a moment in silent devotion, then exclaimed, "Praise be to God!—I shall see my bairn again."



“And never, I hope, to part with her more,” said Waverley.

“I trust in God, not, unless it be to win the means of supporting her; for my things are but in a bruckle state; — but what signifies world’s gear?”

“And if,” said Waverley, modestly, “there were a situation in life which would put Miss Bradwardine beyond the uncertainty of fortune, and in the rank to which she was born, would you object to it, my dear Baron, because it would make one of your friends the happiest man in the world?” The Baron turned, and looked at him with great earnestness. “Yes,” continued Edward, “I shall not consider my sentence of banishment as repealed, unless you will give me permission to accompany you to the Duchran” —

The Baron seemed collecting all his dignity to make a suitable reply to what, at another time, he would have treated as the propounding a treaty of alliance between the houses of Bradwardine and Waverley. But his efforts were in vain; the father was too mighty for the Baron; the pride of birth and rank were swept away; — in the joyful surprise, a slight convulsion passed rapidly over his features as he gave way to the feelings of nature, threw his arms around Waverley’s neck, and sobbed out, — “My son, my son! if I had been to search



the world, I would have made my choice here." Edward returned the embrace with great sympathy of feeling, and for a little while they both kept silence. At length it was broken by Edward. "But Miss Bradwardine?"

"She had never a will but her old father's; besides, you are a likely youth, of honest principles, and high birth; — no, she never had any other will than mine, and in my proudest days I could not have wished a mair eligible espousal for her than the nephew of my excellent old friend, Sir Everard. — But I hope, young man, ye deal na rashly in this matter; I hope ye hae secured the approbation of your ain friends and allies, particularly of your uncle, who is *in loco parentis*? Ah! we maun tak heed o' that. Edward assured him that Sir Everard would think himself highly honoured in the flattering reception his proposal had met with, and that it had his entire approbation; in evidence of which, he put Colonel Talbot's letter into the Baron's hand. The Baron read it with great attention. "Sir Everard," he said, "always despised wealth in comparison of honour and birth; and indeed he hath no occasion to court the *Diva Pecunia*. Yet I now wish, since this Malcolm turns out such a paricide, for I can call him no better, as to think of alienating the family inheritance — I now wish (his eyes fixed on a part of the roof which



was visible above the trees,) that I could have left Rose the auld hurley-house, and the riggs belonging to it. — And yet," said he, resuming more cheerfully, "it's may be as weel as it is; for, as Baron of Bradwardine, I might have thought it my duty to insist upon certain compliances respecting name and bearings, whilk now, as a landless laird wi' a tocherless daugther, no one can blame me for departing from."

Now, Heaven be praised! thought Edward, that Sir Everard does not hear these scruples! The three ermines passant and the rampant bear would certainly have gone together by the ears. — He then, with all the ardour of a young lover, assured the Baron, that he sought for his happiness only in Rose's heart and hand, and thought himself as happy in her father's simple approbation, as if he had settled an earldom upon his daughter.

They now reached Little Veolan. The goose was smoking on the table, and the Baillie brandished his knife and fork. A joyous greeting took place between him and his patron. The kitchen, too, had its company. Auld Janet was established at the ingle-nook; Davie had turned the spit, to his immortal honour; and even Ban and Buscar, in the liberality of Macwheeble's joy, had been stuffed to the throat with food, and now lay snoring on the floor.



The next day conducted the Baron and his young friend to the Duchran, where the former was expected, in consequence of the success of the nearly unanimous application of the Scottish friends of government in his favour. This had been so general and so powerful, that it was almost thought his estate might have been saved, had it not passed into the rapacious hands of his unworthy kinsman, whose right, arising out of the Baron's attainder, could not be affected by a pardon from the crown. The old gentleman, however, said, with his usual spirit, he was more gratified by the hold he possessed in the good opinion of his neighbours, than he would have been in being "rehabilitated and restored *in integrum*, had it been found practicable."

We shall not attempt to describe the meeting of the father and daughter, — loving each other so affectionately, and separated under such perilous circumstances. Still less shall we attempt to analyse the deep blush of Rose, at receiving the compliments of Waverley, or enquire whether she had any curiosity respecting the particular cause of his journey to Scotland at that period. We shall not even trouble the reader with the hum-drum details of a courtship Sixty Years since. It is enough to say, that, under so strict a martinet as the Baron, all things were conducted in due form.



He took upon himself, the morning after their arrival, the task of announcing the proposal of Waverley to Rose, which she heard with a proper degree of maidenly timidity. Fame does, however, say, that Waverley had, the evening before, found five minutes to apprise her of what was coming, while the rest of the company were looking at three twisted serpents, which formed a *jet d'eau* in the garden.

My fair readers will judge for themselves; but, for my part, I cannot conceive how so important an affair could be communicated in so short a space of time; at least, it certainly took a full hour in the Baron's mode of conveying it.

Waverley was now considered as a received lover in all the forms. He was made, by dint of smirking and nodding on the part of the lady of the house, to sit next Miss Bradwardine at dinner, to be Miss Bradwardine's partner at cards. If he came into the room, she of the four Miss Rubricks who chanced to be next Rose, was sure to recollect that her thimble, or her scissars, were at the other end of the room, in order to leave the seat nearest to Miss Bradwardine vacant for his occupation. And sometimes, if papa and mamma were not in the way to keep them on their good behaviour, the misses would titter a little. The old Laird of Duchran would also have his occasional



jest, and the old lady her remark. Even the Baron could not refrain; but her Rose escaped every embarrassment but that of conjecture, for his wit was usually couched in a Latin quotation. The very footmen sometimes grinned too broadly, the maidservants giggled mayhap too loud, and a provoking air of intelligence seemed to pervade the whole family. Alice Bean, the pretty maid of the cavern, who after her father's *misfortune*, as she called it, had attended Rose as *fille-de-chambre*, smiled and smirked with the best of them. Rose and Edward, however, endured all these little vexatious circumstances as other folks have done before and since, and probably contrived to obtain some indemnification, since they are not supposed, on the whole, to have been particularly unhappy during Waverley's six days stay at the Duchran.

It was finally arranged that he should go to Waverley-Honour to make the necessary arrangements for his marriage, thence to London to take the proper measures for pleading his pardon, and return as soon as possible to claim the hand of his plighted bride. Edward also intended in his journey to visit Colonel Talbot; but, above all, it was his most important object to learn the fate of the unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich; to visit him at Carlisle, and to try whether any thing could be done



for procuring, if not a pardon, a commutation at least, or alleviation of the punishment to which he was almost certain of being condemned; and in case of the worst, to offer to the miserable Flora an asylum with Rose, or otherwise assist her views in any mode which might seem possible. The fate of Fergus seemed hard to be averted. Edward had already striven to interest his friend, Colonel Talbot, in his behalf; but had been given distinctly to understand, by his reply, that his credit in matters of that nature was totally exhausted.

The Colonel was still at Edinburgh, and proposed to wait there for some months upon business confided to him by the Duke of Cumberland. He was to be joined by Lady Emily, to whom easy travelling and goat's whey were recommended, and who was to journey northward, under the escort of Francis Stanley. Edward, therefore, met the Colonel at Edinburgh, who wished him joy in the kindest manner on his approaching happiness, and cheerfully undertook many commissions which our hero was necessarily obliged to delegate to his charge. But on the subject of Fergus he was inexorable. He satisfied Edward, indeed, that his interference would be unavailing; but, besides, Colonel Talbot owned that he could not conscientiously use any influence in favour of this



unfortunate gentleman. "Justice, which demanded some penalty of those who had wrapped the whole nation in fear and in mourning, could not perhaps have selected a fitter victim. He came to the field with the fullest light upon the nature of his attempt. He had studied and understood the subject. His father's fate could not intimidate him; the lenity of the laws, which had restored to him his father's property and rights, could not melt him. That he was brave, generous, and possessed many good qualities, only rendered him more dangerous; that he was enlightened and accomplished, made his crime less excusable; that he was an enthusiast in a wrong cause, only made him the more fit to be its martyr. Above all, he had been the means of bringing many hundreds of men into the field, who, without him, would never have broke the peace of the country.

"I repeat it," said the Colonel, "though heaven knows with a heart distressed for him as an individual, that this young gentleman has studied and fully understood the desperate game which he has played. He threw for life or death, a coronet or a coffin; and he cannot now be permitted, with justice to the country, to draw stakes because the dice have gone against him."



Such was the reasoning of these times, held even by brave and humane men towards a vanquished enemy. Let us devoutly hope, that, in this respect at least, we shall never see the scenes, or hold the sentiments, that were general in Britain Sixty Years since.



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CHAPTER LXVIII.

«To-morrow? O that's sudden! — Spare him, spare him?» — SHAKSPEARE.

EDWARD, attended by his former servant Alick Polwarth, who had re-entered his service at Edinburgh, reached Carlisle while the commission of Oyer and Terminer on his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, not, alas! with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. I ought to have mentioned, that he had furnished funds for the defence of the prisoners in the most liberal manner, as soon as he heard that the day of trial was fixed. A solicitor, and the first counsel, accordingly attended; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bed-side of some dying man of rank; the doctors to take the advantage of some incalculable chance of an exertion of nature — the lawyers to avail themselves of the barely possible occurrence of some legal flaw. Edward

pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agitation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid, and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them; but he was recalled to himself as the Clerk of Arraignment pronounced the solemn words: "Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Tarrasclough, otherwise called Evan Dhu, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich — you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?"

Fergus, as the presiding judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied, in a firm voice,

“I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. — Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril’d it in this quarrel.” He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

“I was only ganging to say, my lord,” said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, “that if your excellent honour, and the honourable court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George’s government again, that ony six o’ the very best

of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysel, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

There was no farther inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. "For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor," continued the judge, "I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter."

“I desire nothing else, my lord,” answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually bent on his chief, were moistened with a tear. “For you, poor ignorant man,” continued the judge, “who, following the ideas in which you have been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone, is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual, who ends by making you the tool of his crimes — for you, I say, I feel so much compassion, that if you can make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you. Otherwise —”

“Grace me no grace,” said Evan; “since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr’s blood, the only favour I would accept from you, is — to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and hide you just a minute sitting where you are.”

“Remove the prisoners,” said the judge; “his blood be upon his own head.”

Almost stupified with his feelings, Edward found that the rush of the crowd had conveyed him out into the street, ere he knew what he was doing. His immediate wish was to see and speak with Fergus once more. He applied at the Castle where his unfortunate friend was confined, but was refused admittance. “The High Sheriff,” a non-commissioned officer said, “had

requested of the governor that none should be admitted to see the prisoner, excepting his confessor and his sister."

"And where was Miss Mac-Ivor?" They gave him the direction. It was the house of a respectable catholic family near Carlisle.

Repulsed from the gate of the castle, and not venturing to make application to the High Sheriff or Judges in his own unpopular name, he had recourse to the solicitor who came down in Fergus's behalf. This gentleman told him, that it was thought the public mind was in danger of being debauched by the account of the last moments of these persons, as given by the friends of the Pretender; that there had been a resolution therefore to exclude all such persons as had not the plea of near kindred for attending upon them. Yet, he promised (to oblige the heir of Waverley-Honour) to get him an order for admittance to the prisoner the next morning, before his irons were knocked off for execution.

Is it of Fergus Mac-Ivor they speak thus, thought Waverley, or do I dream? Of Fergus, the bold, the chivalrous, the free-minded? The lofty chieftain of a tribe devoted to him? Is it he, that I have seen lead the chase and head the attack, — the brave, the active, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the theme of song, — is it he who is ironed like a malefactor; who is to be dragged on a hurdle to the

common gallows; to die a lingering and cruel death, and to be mangled by the hand of the most outcast of wretches? Evil indeed was the spectre, that boded such a fate as this to the brave Chief of Glennaquoich!

With a faltering voice he requested the solicitor to find means to warn Fergus of his intended visit, should he obtain permission to make it. He then turned away from him, and, returning to the inn, wrote a scarce intelligible note to Flora Mac-Ivor, intimating his purpose to wait upon her that evening. The messenger brought back a letter in Flora's beautiful Italian hand, which seemed scarce to tremble even under this load of misery. "Miss Flora Mac-Ivor," the letter bore, "could not refuse to see the dearest friend of her dear brother, even in her present circumstances of unparalleled distress."

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment, Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of catholic devotion, but, when Waverley entered, laid it on the table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complexion

was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her dress — even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, “Have you seen him?”

“Alas, no,” answered Waverley, “I have been refused admittance.”

“It accords with the rest,” she said; “but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?”

“For — for — to morrow,” said Waverley; but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

“Aye, then or never,” said Flora, “until” — she added, looking upward, “the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. But I hope you will see him while earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his heart, though — but it is vain to talk of the past.”

“Vain indeed!” echoed Waverley.

“Or even of the future, my good friend, so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part; and

yet how far has all my anticipation fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour!"

"Dear Flora, if your strength of mind" —

"Ay, there it is," she answered, somewhat wildly; "there is, Mr Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart that whispers — but it were madness to listen to it — that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother!"

"Good God? how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?"

"Ay, is it not so? but yet it haunts me like a phantom: I know it is unsubstantial and vain; but it *will* be present; will intrude its horrors on my mind; will whisper that my brother, as volatile as ardent, would have divided his energies amid a hundred objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them, and to gage all on this dreadful and desperate cast. Oh that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, 'He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword;' that I had but once said, Remain at home; reserve yourself, your vassals, your life, for enterprises within the reach of man. But O, Mr Waverley, I spurred his fiery temper, and half of his ruin at least lies with his sister!"

The horrid idea which she had intimated, Edward endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument that occurred to him. He re-

called to her the principles on which both thought it their duty to act, and in which they had been educated.

“Do not think I have forgotten them,” she said, looking up, with eager quickness; “I do not regret his attempt, because it was wrong! O no! on that point I am armed; but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus”

“Yet it did not always seem so desperate and hazardous as it was; and it would have been chosen by the bold spirit of Fergus, whether you had approved it or no; your counsels only served to give unity and consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to precipitate, his resolution” Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

“Do you remember,” she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, “you once found me making Fergus’s bride-favour, and now I am sewing his bridal-garment. Our friends here,” said she, with suppressed emotion, “are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody reliques of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together; no — his head! — I shall not have the last miserable satisfaction of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!”

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical scbs, fainted in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the anti-room, now

entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found that, by a strong effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine's claim, to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

"I have had a letter from my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Sorrow is selfish and engrossing, or I would have written to express, that, even in my own despair, I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron has escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora's only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess." She put into his hands a case, containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. "To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns at Paris. To-morrow — if indeed I can survive to-morrow — I set forward on my journey with this venerable sister. And now, Mr Waverley, adieu! May you be as happy with Rose as your amiable dispositions deserve; and think sometimes on the friends

you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness."

She gave her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and, with a faltering step, withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle. At the inn, he found a letter from his law friend, intimating, that he would be admitted to Fergus next morning, as soon as the Castle-gates were opened, and permitted to remain with him till the arrival of the Sheriff gave signal for the fatal procession.


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CHAPTER LXIX.

— *A darker departure is near,  
The death-drum is muffled, and sable the bier.*

CAMPBELL.

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AFTER a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the serjeant of the guard, and was admitted.

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone



floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I am sure, from your looks — and how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?"

"How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment!"

"Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure — on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep, because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most — the Prince? has he escaped the bloodhounds?"

"He has, and is in safety."

"Praised be God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape."

Waverley communicated that remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with deep interest. He then



asked after several other friends; and made many minute enquiries concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They had suffered less than other tribes who had been engaged in the affair; for, having, in a great measure, dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their Chieftain, as was a universal custom among the Highlanders, they were not in arms when the insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

“You are rich,” he said, “Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprize you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?”

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed, that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

“Would to God,” continued the Chieftain, “I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race: — or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade



poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms; and be to you, what he has been to me, the kindest, — the bravest, — the most devoted — ”

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother.

„But,” said he, drying them, „that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words,” said he, half smiling, „are the only *Open Sesame* to their feelings and sympathies, and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life.”

„And I am sure,” said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence, — „I am sure Evan never desired nor deserved a better end than just to die with his chieftain.”

„And now,” said Fergus, „while we are upon the subject of clanship — what think you now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?” — then, before Edward could answer, „I saw him again last night — he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell, from that high and narrow window, towards my bed. Why should I fear him, I thought — to-morrow, long ere this time, I shall be as immaterial as he. ‘False Spirit,’ I said, ‘art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of



the last descendant of thine enemy!' The spectre seemed to beckon and to smile, as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it? — I asked the same question of the priest, who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it, as imagination plays us such strange tricks. What do you think of it?"

"Much as your confessor," said Waverley, willing to avoid dispute upon such a point at such a moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the church of Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was re-admitted; soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

"You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage — we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!"

Edward afterwards learned that these severe precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.



Shortly afterwards the drum of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turnout," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let us speak of Flora — a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."

"We part not *here!*" said Waverley.

"O yes, we do, you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly; "Nature has her tortures as well as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder, in the space of a short half hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon. — This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland — her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other — when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies — they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummary, too, of exposing the senseless head — they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they



will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly. The Baron would have added,

“*Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.*”

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the courtyard of the castle. “As I have told you why you must not follow me, and these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora?”

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her mind.

“Poor Flora!” answered the Chief, “she could have borne her own death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state — long, long may Rose and you enjoy it! — but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans, like Flora and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty, and predominant feeling of loyalty, will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away. She will then think of



Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell."

"Shall she not see you then? She seemed to expect it."

"A necessary deceit will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part from her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort them. She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprize her that all is over."

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich: "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sate the Executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was



an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic arch-way, that opened on the draw-bridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. "This is well got up for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus turning round embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sate down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood



erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, «God save King *James!*» These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead-march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, toll-ed from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor, struck with compassion at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him, if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he



regained his inn, then threw himself into an apartment, and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprized him that all was finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations.

In the evening the priest made him a visit, and informed him that he did so by directions of his deceased friend, to assure him that Fergus Mac-Ivor had died as he lived, and remembered his friendship to the last. He added, he had also seen Flora, whose state of mind seemed more composed since all was over. With her, and sister Theresa, the priest proposed next day to leave Carlisle, for the nearest seaport from which they could embark for France. Waverley forced on this good man a ring of some value, and a sum of money to be employed (as he thought might gratify Flora) in the services of the catholic church, for the memory of his friend. "*Fungarque inani munere,*" he repeated as the ecclesiastic retired. "Yet why not class these acts of remembrance with other honours, with which affection, in all sects, pursues the memory of the dead?"



The next morning ere day-light he took leave of the town of Carlisle, promising to himself never again to enter its walls. He dared hardly look back towards the Gothic battlements of the fortified gate under which he passed, for the place is surrounded with an old wall. „They're no there,” said Alick Polwarth, who guessed the cause of the dubious look which Waverley cast backward, and who, with the vulgar appetite for the horrible, was master of each detail of the butchery, — „The heads are ower the Scotch yate, as they ca' it. It's a great pity of Evan Dhu, who was a very weel-meaning good-natured man, to be a Hielandman; and indeed so was the Laird o' Glennaquoich too, for that matter, when he was na in ane o' his turrivies.”



## CHAPTER LXX.

### *Dulce Domum.*

THE impression of horror with which Waverley left Carlisle, softened by degrees into melancholy, a gradation which was accelerated by the painful, yet soothing, task of writing to Rose; and, while he could not suppress his own feelings of the calamity, by endeavouring to place it in a light which might grieve her, without shocking her imagination. The picture which he drew for her benefit he gradually familiarized to his own mind, and his next letters were more cheerful, and referred to the prospects of peace and happiness which lay before them. Yet, though his first horrible sensations had sunk into melancholy, Edward had reached his native country before he could, as usual upon former occasions, look round for enjoyment upon the face of nature.

He then, for the first time since leaving  
 XXXL N



Edinburgh, began to experience that pleasure which almost all feel who return to a verdant, populous, and highly-cultivated country, from scenes of waste desolation, or of solitary and melancholy grandeur. But how were those feelings enhanced when he entered on the domain so long possessed by his fore-fathers; recognized the old oaks of Waverley-Chace; thought with what delight he should introduce Rose to all his favourite haunts; beheld at length the towers of the venerable hall arise above the woods which embowered it, and finally threw himself into the arms of the venerable relations to whom he owed so much duty and affection!

The happiness of their meeting was not tarnished by a single word of reproach. On the contrary, whatever pain Sir Everard and Mrs Rachael had felt during Waverley's perilous engagement with the young Chevalier, it assorted too well with the principles in which they had been brought up, to incur reprobation, or even censure. Colonel Talbot also had smoothed the way, with great address, for Edward's favourable reception, by dwelling upon his gallant behaviour in the military character, particularly his bravery and generosity at Preston; until, warmed at the idea of their nephew's engaging in single combat, making prisoner, and saving from slaughter, so dis-



tinguished an officer as the Colonel himself, the imagination of the Baronet and his sister ranked the exploits of Edward with those of Wilibert, Hildebrand, and Nigel, the vaunted heroes of their line.

The appearance of Waverley, embrowned by exercise, and dignified by the habits of military discipline, had acquired an athletic and hardy character, which not only verified the Colonel's narration, but surprised and delighted all the inhabitants of Waverley-Honour. They crowded to see, to hear him, and to sing his praises. Mr Pembroke, who secretly extolled his spirit and courage in embracing the genuine cause of the Church of England, censured his pupil gently nevertheless for being so careless of his manuscripts, which indeed, he said, had occasioned him some personal inconvenience, as, upon the Baronet's being arrested by a king's messenger, he had deemed it prudent to retire to a concealment called « The Priest's Hole, » from the use it had been put to in former days; where, he assured our hero, the butler had thought it safe to venture with food only once in the day, so that he had been repeatedly compelled to dine upon victuals either absolutely cold, or, what was worse, only half warm, not to mention that sometimes his bed had not been arranged for two days together. Waverley's mind involuntarily turned



to the Patmos of the Baron of Bradwardine, who was well pleased with Janet's fare, and a few bunches of straw stowed in a cleft in the front of a sand-cliff; but he made no remarks upon a contrast which could only mortify his worthy tutor.

All was now in a bustle to prepare for the nuptials of Edward, an event to which the good old Baronet and Mrs Rachael looked forward as if to the renewal of their own youth. The match, as Colonel Talbot had intimated, had seemed to them in the highest degree eligible, having every recommendation but wealth, of which they themselves had more than enough. Mr Clippurse was, therefore, summoned to Waverley-Honour, under better auspices than at the commencement of our story. But Mr Clippurse came not alone, for, being now stricken in years, he had associated with him a nephew, a younger vulture (as our English Juvenal, who tells the tale of Swallow the attorney, might have called him,) and they now carried on business as Messrs Clippurse and Hookem. These worthy gentlemen had directions to make the necessary settlements on the most splendid scale of liberality, as if Edward were to wed a peeress in her own right, with her paternal estate tacked to the fringe of her ermine.

But, ere entering upon a subject of prover-



bial delay, I must remind my reader of the progress of a stone rolled down hill by an idle truant boy (a pastime at which I was myself expert in my more juvenile years :) it moveth at first slowly, avoiding by inflection every obstacle of the least importance; but when it has attained its full impulse, and draws near the conclusion of its career, it smokes and thunders down, taking a rood at every spring, clearing hedge and ditch like a Yorkshire huntsman, and becoming most furiously rapid in its course when it is nearest to being consigned to rest for ever. Even such is the course of a narrative, like that which you are perusing; the earlier events are studiously dwelt upon, that you, kind reader, may be introduced to the character rather by narrative, than by the duller medium of direct description; but when the story draws near its close, we hurry over the circumstances, however important, which your imagination must have forestalled, and leave you to suppose those things, which it would be abusing your patience to relate at length.

We are, therefore, so far from attempting to trace the dull progress of Messrs Clippurse and Hookem, or that of their worthy official brethren, who had the charge of suing out the pardons of Edward Waverley and his intended father-in-law, that we can but touch upon



matters more attractive. The mutual epistles, for example, which were exchanged between Sir Everard and the Baron upon this occasion, though matchless specimens of eloquence in their way, must be consigned to merciless oblivion. Nor can I tell you at length, how worthy aunt Rachael, not without a delicate and affectionate allusion to the circumstances which had transferred Rose's maternal diamonds to the hands of Donald Bean Lean, stocked her casket with a set of jewels that a duchess might have envied. Moreover, the reader will have the goodness to imagine that Job Houghton and his dame were suitably provided for, although they could never be persuaded that their son fell otherwise than fighting by the young squire's side; so that Alick, who, as a lover of truth, had made many needless attempts to expound the real circumstances to them, was finally ordered to say not a word more upon the subject. He indemnified himself, however, by the liberal allowance of desperate battles, grisly executions, and raw-head and bloody-bone stories, with which he astonished the servants' hall.

But although these important matters may be briefly told in narrative, like a newspaper report of a Chancery suit, yet, with all the urgency which *Waverley* could use, the real time which the law proceedings occupied,



joined to the delay occasioned by the mode of travelling at that period, rendered it considerably more than two months ere Waverley, having left England, alighted once more at the mansion of the Laird of Duchran to claim the hand of his plighted bride.

The day of his marriage was fixed for the sixth after his arrival. The Baron of Bradwardine, with whom bridals, christenings, and funerals, were festivals of high and solemn import, felt a little hurt, that, including the family of the Duchran, and all the immediate vicinity who had title to be present on such an occasion, there could not be above thirty persons collected. "When he was married," he observed, "three hundred horse of gentlemen born, besides servants, and some score or two of Highland lairds, who never got on horseback, were present on the occasion."

But his pride found some consolation in reflecting, that he and his son-in-law having been so lately in arms against government, it might give matter of reasonable fear and offence to the ruling powers, if they were to collect together, the kith, kin, and allies of their houses, arrayed in effeir of war, as was the ancient custom of Scotland on these occasions — "And, without dubitation," he concluded with a sigh, "many of those who would have rejoiced most freely upon these joyful



espousals, are either gone to a better place, or are now exiles from their native land."

The marriage took place on the appointed day. The Reverend Mr Rubrick, kinsman to the proprietor of the hospitable mansion where it was solemnized, and chaplain to the Baron of Bradwardine, had the satisfaction to unite their hands; and Frank Stanley acted as bridesman, having joined Edward with that view soon after his arrival. Lady Emily and Colonel Talbot had proposed being present; but her health, when the day approached, was found inadequate to the journey. In amends, it was arranged that Edward Waverley and his lady, who, with the Baron, proposed an immediate journey to Waverley-Honour, should, in their way, spend a few days at an estate which Colonel Talbot had been tempted to purchase in Scotland as a very great bargain, and at which he proposed to reside for some time,



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CHAPTER LXXI.

*«This is no mine ain house, I ken by the big-
ging o't».*

OLD SONG.

THE nuptial party travelled in great style. There was a coach and six upon the newest pattern, that dazzled with its splendour the eyes of one half of Scotland, which Sir Everard had presented to his nephew; there was the family coach of Mr Rubrick; — both these were crowded with ladies, and there were gentlemen on horseback, with their servants, to the number of a round score. Nevertheless, without having the fear of famine before his eyes, Baillie Mackwheeble met them in the road, to entreat that they would pass by his house at Little Veolan. The Baron stared, and said his son and he would certainly ride by Little Veolan, and pay their compliments to the Baillie,

but could not think of bringing with them the «hail *comitatus nuptialis*, or matrimonial procession.» He added, «that, as he understood that the Barony had been sold by its unworthy possessor, he was glad to see his old friend Duncan had regained his situation under the new *Dominus*, or proprietor.» The Baillie ducked, bowed, and fidgetted, and then again insisted upon his invitation; until the Baron, though rather piqued at the pertinacity of his instances, could not nevertheless refuse to consent, without making evident sensations which he was anxious to conceal.

He fell into a deep study as they approached the top of the avenue, and was only startled from it by observing that the battlements were replaced, the ruins cleared away, and (most wonderful of all) that the two great stone Bears, those mutilated Dragons of his idolatry, had resumed their posts over the gateway. «Now this new proprietor,» said he to Edward, «has shewn mair *gusto*, as the Italians call it, in the short time he has had this domain, than that hound Malcolm, though I bred him here mysel, has acquired *vita adhuc durante*. — And now I talk of hounds, is not yon Ban and Buscar, come scouping up the avenue with Davie Gellatley?»

«And I vote we should go to meet them,

sir, for I believe the present master of the house is Colonel Talbot, who will expect to see us. We hesitated to mention to you at first that he had purchased your ancient patrimonial property, and even yet, if you do not incline to visit him, we can pass on to the Baillie's."

The Baron had occasion for all his magnanimity. However, he drew a long breath, took a long snuff, and observed, since they had brought him so far, he could not pass the Colonel's gate, and he would be happy to see the new master of his old tenants. He alighted accordingly, as did the other gentlemen and ladies; — he gave his arm to his daughter, and as they descended the avenue, pointed out to her how speedily the "*Diva Pecunia* of the Southron — their tutelary deity, he might call her — had removed the marks of spoliation."

In truth, not only had the felled trees been removed, but, their stumps being grubbed up, and the earth round them levelled and sown with grass, every mark of devastation, unless to an eye intimately acquainted with the spot, was already totally obliterated. There was a similar reformation in the outward man of Davie Gellatley, who met them, every now and then stopping to admire the new suit which

graced his person, in the same colours as formerly, but bedizened fine enough to have served Touchstone himself. He danced up with his usual ungainly frolics, first to the Baron, and then to Rose, passing his hands over his clothes, crying, "*Bra', bra' Davie,*" and scarce able to sing a bar to an end of his thousand-and-one songs, for the breathless extravagance of his joy. The dogs also acknowledged their old master with a thousand gambols. "Upon my conscience, Rose, the gratitude o' thae dumb brutes, and of that puir innocent, brings the tears into my auld een, while that schellum Malcolm — but I'm obliged to Colonel Talbot for putting my hounds into such good condition, and likewise for puir Davie. But Rose, my dear, we must not permit them to be a life-rent burden upon the estate."

As he spoke, Lady Emily, leaning upon the arm of her husband, met the party at the lower gate, with a thousand welcomes. After the ceremony of introduction had been gone through, much abridged by the ease and excellent breeding of Lady Emily, she apologized for having used a little art to wile them back to a place which might awaken some painful reflections — "But as it was to change masters, we were very desirous that the Baron" —

“Mr Bradwardine, madam, if you please,” said the old gentleman.

“Mr Bradwardine, then, and Mr Waverley, should see what we have done towards restoring the mansion of your fathers to its former state.”

The Baron answered with a low bow. Indeed, when he entered the court, excepting that the heavy stables, which had been burnt down, were replaced by buildings of a lighter and more picturesque appearance, all seemed as much as possible restored to the state in which he had left it, when he assumed arms some months before. The pigeon-house was replenished; the fountain played with its usual activity, and not only the Bear who predominated over its bason, but all the other Bears whatsoever, were replaced upon their stations, and renewed or repaired with so much care, that they bore no tokens of the violence which had so lately descended upon them. While these minutiae had been so heedfully attended to, it is scarce necessary to add, that the house itself had been thoroughly repaired, as well as the gardens, with the strictest attention to maintain the original character of both, and to remove, as far as possible, all appearance of the ravage they had sustained. The Baron

gazed in silent wonder; at length he addressed Colonel Talbot.

“While I acknowledge my obligation to you for the restoration of the badge of our family, I cannot but marvel that you have no where established your own crest, Colonel Talbot, whilk is, I believe, a mastiff, anciently called a talbot; as the poet has it,

“A talbot strong — a sturdy tyke.”

“At least such a dog is the crest of the martial and renowned Earls of Shrewsbury, to whom your family are probably blood relations.”

“I believe,” said the Colonel, smiling, “our dogs are whelps of the same litter — for my part, if crests were to dispute precedence, I should be apt to let them, as the proverb says, ‘fight dog, fight bear.’”

As he made this speech, at which the Baron took another long pinch of snuff, they had entered the house, that is, the Baron, Rose, and Lady Emily, with young Stanley and the Baillie, for Edward and the rest of the party remained on the terrace, to examine a new green-house stocked with the finest plants. The Baron resumed his favourite topic: “However it may please you to derogate from the

honour of your burgonet, Colonel Talbot, which is doubtless your humour, as I have seen in other gentlemen of birth and honour in your country, I must again repeat it as a most ancient and distinguished bearing, as well as that of my young friend Francis Stanley, which is the eagle and child."

"The bird and bantling they call it in Derbyshire, sir," said Stanley.

"Ye're a daft callant, sir," said the Baron, who had a great liking to this young man, perhaps because he sometimes teased him, — "Ye're a daft callant, and I must correct you some of these days," shaking his great brown fist at him. "But what I meant to say, Colonel Talbot, is, that yours is an ancient *prosapia*, or descent, and since you have lawfully and justly acquired the estate for you and yours, which I have lost for me and mine, I wish it may remain in your name as many centuries as it has done in that of the late proprietor's."

"That is very handsome, Mr Bradwardine, indeed."

"And yet, sir, I cannot but marvel that you, Colonel, whom I noted to have so much of the *amor patriæ*, when we met at Edinburgh, as even to vilipend other countries, should have

chosen to establish your Lares, or household gods, *procul a patriæ finibus*, and in a manner to expatriate yourself."

"Why really, Baron, I do not see why, to keep the secret of these foolish boys, Waverley and Stanley, and my wife, who is no wiser, one old soldier should continue to impose upon another. You must know then that I have so much of that same prejudice in favour of my native country, that the sum of money which I advanced to the seller of this extensive barony, has only purchased for me a box in — shire, called Brerewood Lodge, with about two hundred and fifty acres of land, the chief merit of which is, that it is within a very few miles of Waverley-Honour."

"And who then, in the name of Heaven, has bought this property?"

"That," said the Colonel, "it is this gentleman's profession to explain."

The Baillie, whom this reference regarded, had all this while shifted from one foot to another with great impatience, "like a hen," as he afterwards said, "upon a hot girdle;" and chuckling, he might have added, like the said hen in all the glory of laying an egg, — now pushed forward. "That I can, that I can, your Honour;" drawing from his pocket a budget

of papers, and untying the red tape with a hand trembling with eagerness. "Here is the disposition and assignation, by Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, regularly signed and tested in terms of the statute, whereby, for a certain sum of sterling money presently contented and paid to him, he has disposed, alienated, and conveyed the whole estate and barony of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, with the fortalice and manor-place" —

"For God's sake, to the point, sir; I have all that by heart," said the Colonel.

"To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq." pursued the Baillie, "his heirs and assignees, simply and irredeemably — to be held either *a me vel de me*" —

"Pray read short, sir."

"On the conscience of an honest man, Colonel, I read as short as is consistent with style. — Under the burden and reservation always" —

"Mr Macwheeble, this would outlast a Russian winter — give me leave. In short, Mr Bradwardine, your family estate is your own once more in full property, and at your absolute disposal, but only burdened with the sum advanced to re-purchase it, which I understand is utterly disproportioned to its value."

«An auld sang — an auld sang, if it please your honours,» cried the Baillie, rubbing his hands, «look at the rental book.»

«Which sum being advanced by Mr Edward Waverley, chiefly from the price of his father's property which I bought from him, is secured to his lady your daughter, and her family by this marriage.

«It is a catholic security,» shouted the Baillie, «to Rose Comyne Bradwardine *alias* Waverley, in liferent, and the children of the said marriage in fee; and I made up a wee bit minute of an antenuptial contract, *intuitu matrimonii*, so it cannot be subject to reduction hereafter, as a donation *inter virum et uxorem*.»

It is difficult to say whether the worthy Baron was most delighted with the restitution of his family property, or with the delicacy and generosity that left him unfettered to pursue his purpose in disposing of it after his death, and which avoided, as much as possible, even the appearance of laying him under pecuniary obligation. When his first pause of joy and astonishment was over, his thoughts turned to the unworthy heirmale, who, he pronounced, had sold his birth-right, like Esau, for a mess o' pottage.

“But wha cookit the parridge for him?” exclaimed the Baillie; “I wad like to ken that; — wha, but your honour’s to command, Duncan Macwheeble? His honour, young Mr Wauverley, pat it a’ into my hand frae the beginning — frae the first calling o’ the summons, as I may say. I circumvented them — I played at bogle about the bush wi’ them — I cajolled them! and if I have na gien Inch-Grabbit and Jamie Howie a bonnie begunk, they ken themselves. Him a writer! I did na gae slapdash to them wi’ our young bra’ bride-groom, to gar them haud up the market: na, na; I scared them wi’ our wild tenantry, and the Mac-Ivors, that are but ill settled yet, till they durst na on ony errand whatsoever gang ower the door-stane after gloaming, for fear John Heatherblutter, or some siccan dare-the-de’il, should tak a baff at them: then, on the other hand, I beflum’d them wi’ Colonel Talbot — wad they offer to keep up the price again the Duke’s friend? did they na ken wha was master? had they na seen aneuch, by the example of mony a puir misguided unhappy body —”

“Who went to Derby, for example, Mr Macwheeble?” said the Colonel to him, aside.

“O whisht, Colonel, for the love o’ God! let that flee stick i’ the wa’. — There were

mony gude folk at Derby; and it's ill speaking of halters," — with a sly cast of his eye toward the Baron, who was in deep reverie.

Starting out of it at once, he took Macwheeble by the button, and led him into one of the deep window recesses, whence only fragments of their conversation reached the rest of the party. It certainly related to stamp-paper and parchment; for no other subject, even from the mouth of his patron, and he, once more, an efficient one, could have arrested so deeply the Baillie's reverent and absorbed attention.

"I understand your honour perfectly; it can be done as easy as taking out a decret in absence."

"To her and him, after my demise, and to their heirs - male, — but preferring the second son, if God shall bless them with two, who is to carry the name and arms of Bradwardine of that ilk, without any other name or armorial bearings whatsoever."

"Tut, your honour! I'll mak a slight jotting the morn; it will cost but a charter of resignation *in favorem*; and I'll hae it ready for the next term in Exchequer."

Their private conversation ended, the Baron was now summoned to do the honours of Tul-

ly-Veolan to new guests. These were, Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, and the Reverend Mr Morton, followed by two or three others of the Baron's acquaintances, who had been made privy to his having again acquired the estate of his fathers. The shouts of the villagers were also heard beneath in the court-yard; for Saunders Saunderson, who had kept the secret for several days with laudable prudence, had unloosed his tongue upon beholding the arrival of the carriages.

But, while Edward received Major Melville with politeness, and the clergyman with the most affectionate and grateful kindness, his father-in-law looked a little awkward, as uncertain how he should answer the necessary claims of hospitality to his guests, and forward the festivity of his tenants. Lady Emily relieved him, by intimating, that, though she must be an indifferent representative of Mrs Edward Waverley in many respects, she hoped the Baron would approve of the entertainment she had ordered, in expectation of so many guests; and that they would find such other accommodations provided, as might in some degree support the ancient hospitality of Tully-Veolan. It is impossible to describe the pleasure which this assurance gave the Baron, who, with an air of gallantry, half appertaining to

the stiff Scottish laird, and half to the officer in the French service, offered his arm to the fair speaker, and led the way, in something between a stride and a minuet step, into the large dining parlour, followed by all the rest of the good company.

By dint of Saunderson's directions and exertions, all here, as well as in the other apartments, had been disposed as much as possible according to the old arrangement; and where new moveables had been necessary, they had been selected in the same character with the old furniture. There was one addition to this fine old apartment, however, which drew tears into the Baron's eyes. It was a large and spirited painting, representing Fergus Mac-Ivor and Waverley in their Highland dress, the scene a wild, rocky, and mountainous pass, down which the clan were descending in the back-ground. It was taken from a spirited sketch, drawn while they were in Edinburgh by a young man of high genius, and had been painted on a full-length scale by an eminent London artist. Raeburn himself, (whose Highland Chiefs do all but walk out of the canvas) could not have done more justice to the subject; and the ardent, fiery, and impetuous character of the unfortunate

Chief of Glennaquoich was finely contrasted with the contemplative, fanciful, and enthusiastic expression of his happier friend. Beside this painting hung the arms which Waverley had borne in the unfortunate civil war. The whole piece was generally admired.

Men must however eat, in spite both of sentiment and vertu; and the Baron, while he assumed the lower end of the table, insisted that Lady Emily should do the honours of the head, that they might, he said, set a meet example to the *young folk*. After a pause of deliberation, employed in adjusting in his own brain the precedence between the presbyterian kirk and episcopal church of Scotland, he requested Mr Morton, as the stranger, would crave a blessing, observing Mr Rubrick, who was at *home*, would return thanks for the distinguished mercies it had been his lot to experience. The dinner was excellent. Saunderson attended in full costume, with all the former inferior servants, who had been collected, excepting one or two, that had not been heard of since the affair of Cul-loden. The cellars were stocked with wine which was pronounced to be superb, and it had been contrived that the Bear of the Fountain, in the courtyard, should (for that night

only) play excellent brandy punch, for the benefit of the lower orders.

When the dinner was over, the Baron, about to propose a toast, cast somewhat a sorrowful look upon the side-board, which, however, exhibited much of his plate that had either been secreted, or purchased by neighbouring gentlemen from the soldiery, and by them gladly restored to the original owner.

“In the late times,” he said, “those must be thankful who have saved life and land; yet when I am about to pronounce this toast, I cannot but regret an old heirloom, Lady Emily — a *poculum potatorium*, Colonel Talbot” —

Here the Baron’s elbow was gently touched by his Major Domo, and, turning round, he beheld, in the hands of Alexander ab Alexandro, the celebrated cup of Saint Duthac, the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine! I question if the recovery of his estate afforded him more rapture. “By my honour,” he said, “one might almost believe in brownies and fairies, Lady Emily, when your ladyship is in presence!”

“I am truly happy,” said Colonel Talbot, “that, by the recovery of this piece of family

antiquity, it has fallen within my power to give you some token of my deep interest in all that concerns my young friend Edward. But, that you may not suspect Lady Emily for a sorceress, or me for a conjuror, which is no joke in Scotland, I must tell you that Frank Stanley, your friend, who has been seized with a tartan fever ever since he heard Edward's tales of old Scottish manners, happened to describe to us at second hand this remarkable cup. My servant, Spontoan, who, like a true old soldier, observes every thing and says little, gave me afterwards to understand, that he thought he had seen the piece of plate Mr Stanley mentioned in the possession of a certain Mrs Nosebag, who, having been originally the helpmate of a pawnbroker, had found opportunity, during the late unpleasant scenes in Scotland, to trade a little in her old line, and so became the depositary of the more valuable part of the spoil of half the army. You may believe the cup was speedily recovered, and it will give me very great pleasure if you allow me to suppose that its value is not diminished by having been restored through my means."

A tear mingled with the wine which the Baron filled, as he proposed a cup of gratitude

to Colonel Talbot, and «The Prosperity of the united Houses Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine!» —

It only remains for me to say, that as no wish was ever uttered with more affectionate sincerity, there are few which, allowing for the necessary mutability of human events, have been, upon the whole, more happily fulfilled.


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## CHAPTER LXXII.

*A Postscript, which should have been a Preface.*

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OUR journey is now finished, gentle reader; and if your patience has accompanied me through these sheets, the contract is, on your part, strictly fulfilled. Yet, like the driver who has received his full hire, I still linger near you, and make, with becoming diffidence, a trifling additional claim upon your bounty and good nature. You are as free, however, to shut the volume of the one petitioner, as to close your door in the face of the other.

This should have been a prefatory chapter, but for two reasons: First, that most novel readers, as my own conscience reminds me, are apt to be guilty of the sin of omission respecting that same matter of prefaces. Secondly, that it is a general custom with that class of students, to begin with the last chapter of a work; so that, after all, these remarks, being



introduced last in order, have still the best chance to be read in their proper place.

There is no European nation which, within the course of half a century, or little more, has undergone so complete a change as this kingdom of Scotland. The effects of the insurrection of 1745, — the destruction of the patriarchal power of the Highland chiefs, — the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions of the Lowland nobility and barons, — the total eradication of the Jacobite party, which, averse to intermingle with the English, or adopt their customs, long continued to pride themselves upon maintaining ancient Scottish manners and customs, — commenced this innovation. The gradual influx of wealth, and extension of commerce, have since united to render the present people of Scotland a class of beings as different from their grandfathers, as the existing English are from those of Queen Elizabeth's time. The political and economical effects of these changes have been traced by Lord Selkirk with great precision and accuracy. But the change, though steadily and rapidly progressive, has, nevertheless, been gradual; and, like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted. Such of the



present generation as can recollect the last twenty or twentyfive years of the eighteenth century, will be fully sensible of the truth of this statement; especially if their acquaintance and connexions lay among those, who, in my younger time, were facetiously called "folks of the old leaven," who still cherished a lingering, though hopeless attachment, to the house of Stuart. This race has now almost entirely vanished from the land, and with it, doubtless, much absurd political prejudice; but, also, many living examples of singular and disinterested attachment to the principles of loyalty which they received from their fathers, and of old Scottish faith, hospitality, worth, and honour.

It was my accidental lot, though not born a Highlander, (which may be an apology for much bad Gaelic) to reside, during my childhood and youth, among persons of the above description; and now, for the purpose of preserving some idea of the ancient manners of which I have witnessed the almost total extinction, I have embodied in imaginary scenes, and ascribed to fictitious characters, a part of the incidents which I then received from those who were actors in them. Indeed, the most romantic parts of this narrative are precisely those which have a foundation in fact. The exchange of mutual protection between a Highland gentleman and an



officer of rank in the king's service, together with the spirited manner in which the latter asserted his right to return the favour he had received, is literally true. The accident by a musket-shot, and the heroic reply imputed to Flora, relate to a lady of rank not long deceased. And scarce a gentleman who was "in hiding," after the battle of Culloden, but could tell a tale of strange concealments, and of wild and hair's-breadth 'scapes, as extraordinary as any which I have ascribed to my heroes. Of this, the escape of Charles Edward himself, as the most prominent, is the most striking example. The accounts of the battle of Preston and skirmish at Clifton, are taken from the narrative of intelligent eye-witnesses, and corrected from the History of the Rebellion by the late venerable author of Douglas. The Lowland Scottish gentleman, and the subordinate characters, are not given as individual portraits, but are drawn from the general habits of the period, of which I have witnessed some remnants in my younger days, and partly gathered from tradition.

It has been my object to describe these persons, not by a caricatured and exaggerated use of the national dialect, but by their habits, manners, and feelings; so as, in some distant degree, to emulate the admirable Irish portraits



drawn by Miss Edgeworth, so different from the "dear joys" who so long, with the most perfect family resemblance to each other, occupied the drama and the novel.

I feel no confidence, however, in the manner in which I have executed my purpose. Indeed, so little was I satisfied with my production, that I laid it aside in an unfinished state, and only found it again by mere accident among other waste papers, after it had been mislaid for several years. Two works upon similar subjects, by female authors, whose genius is highly creditable to their country, have appeared in the interval; I mean Mrs Hamilton's Glenburnie, and the late Account of Highland Superstitions. But the first is confined to the rural habits of Scotland, of which it has given a picture with striking and impressive fidelity; and the traditional records of the respectable and ingenious Mrs Grant of Laggan are of a nature distinct from the fictitious narrative which I have attempted.

I would willingly persuade myself, that the preceding work will not be found altogether uninteresting. To elder persons it will recall scenes and characters familiar to their youth; and to the rising generation the tale may present some idea of the manners of their forefathers.



Yet I heartily wish that the task of tracing the evanescent manners of his own country had employed the pen of the only man in Scotland who could have done it justice, — of him so eminently distinguished in elegant literature, and whose sketches of Colonel Caustic and Umphraville are perfectly blended with the finer traits of national character; I should in that case have had more pleasure as a reader, than I shall ever feel in the pride of a successful author, should these sheets confer upon me that envied distinction. And as I have inverted the usual arrangement, placing these remarks at the end of the work to which they refer, I will venture on a second violation of form, by closing the whole with a Dedication;

THESE VOLUMES  
BEING RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
TO  
*OUR SCOTTISH ADDISON,*  
HENRY MACKENZIE,  
BY  
AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER  
OF  
HIS GENIUS.

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